A

WELSH STORY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

In faith and hope the world will disagree;
But all mankind's concern is charity. POPE.

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A

WELSH STORY.

CHAP. I.

"The ſyren ſiſters warble round,
"And empty heads conſole with empty ſound."

POPE.

THOUGH Lord Oakley's name has not lately been mentioned in relating the proceedings of the party at Glendarran Caſtle, he made no inconſiderable noiſe there; and in his own opinion, and the opinion of every one who was

not too much engaged in more intereſting ſtudies, was a very important perſon.

He annoyed Charlotte Llewellyn very frequently with his *love*, as he termed it; but as ſhe merely conſidered it as his lordſhip's vehicle for diſplaying his wit, it never occaſioned her a moment's ſerious thought; nor did the many fine things he ſaid afford her the ſmalleſt gratification, being not ſubject to that weakneſs which ſome *young ladies* have been charged with—of admiring the greateſt nonſenſe when uttered by a lord.

She was, in fact, one of thoſe inſolent creatures who never conſider themſelves exalted by the praiſes of a fool; which ſhe ſoon diſcovered was his lordſhip's moſt diſtinguiſhing title.

In the courſe of the day which intervened

vened between that fixed for the concert, ſhe ſcarcely ſpoke to Mr. Greville; never but when politeneſs or ceremony required it.

He was equally reſerved.—

On the day of the concert they preſerved the ſame ſilence; nor till the company aſſembled did either of them appear in the muſic room; when on hearing the concert begin, after taking ſo much pains to avoid it, they met as they entered.—But paſſing each other without either looking or ſpeaking, Charlotte proceeded to the top of the room to pay her reſpects to her neighbours; and Mr. Greville took a ſeat at the bottom next Miſs Gunning's. Every performer that the country afforded was at Glendarran, ſo that the band was rather a reſpectable one.

The overture was performed to the ſatisfaction of all who had ears to hear it: and Lord Oakley's ſong, to that of all whoſe underſtandings permitted them to laugh at it.

Miſs Gunnings exhibited *quite in ſtile*;

Miſs Emma ſang—like herſelf!

The concert ended; and the dance ſucceeded.

Mr. Henry Llewellyn took out Lady Cecilia.

Lord Margum having obtained from Euphemia a promiſe that ſhe would not be offended, danced with one of the neighbouring ladies, whilſt ſhe ſtood up with Captain Wilſon.—Lord Oakley dancing with Miſs Gunnings, after Charlotte Llewellyn had politely declined doing ſo.

Dr. Morgan, to the great entertain-

ment of the company, prevailed upon Lady Virgilia ap Howel to lead off the dance; which ſhe did with infinite propriety, after ſome little trouble which her ſack occaſioned, as ſhe had not had occaſion to *loop it up* for nine years before. The ſtep ſhe danced in was not much calculated to fatigue any one, but it ſuited "Sir Watkin's delight" admirably: even Charlotte Llewellyn enjoyed her performance.

Mr. Greville danced not; and ſhe found that he *could not dance*, till, at the concluſion of the ſecond dance ſhe ſaw him lead Lady Virgilia to the top of the room. There was ſomething ſo truly ridiculous in it, that ſhe felt a momentary inclination to join them; but a ſentiment more forcible inſpired her with the determination to ſhew Mr.

Greville, that however gay he might be, *ſhe would not dance.* Though when he led out *Miſs Gunnings*, ſhe determined to accept the firſt partner who offered; being really pleaſed when Lord Oakley approached, and ſolicited her again to "make him the happieſt fellow alive," by going down a dance with him.

She immediately complied; and appeared in the gayeſt humour he had ever ſeen her, going down the dance with a ſpirit—which Mr. Greville's behaviour inſpired her with.

She continued dancing and talking, apparantly in perfect health and ſpirits, till her ſenſibility being rather greater than her reſentment, ſhe was obliged to ſit down, and would have retired to her own room, but that Mr. Greville ſat next the door by Miſs Gunnings. He

approached and ſpoke to her for the firſt time that day, by aſking her "If ſhe meant to dance any more," to which ſhe merely anſwered,

"No, Sir, I do not."

"Mr. Carnelly," ſaid he, "aſked me to introduce him to a partner---I ſhould have aſked you to dance myſelf, but indeed I am ſo much fatigued that I really cannot dance more."

"I am extremely happy that you did not, Sir," replied ſhe, "for I ſhould have been ſorry that almoſt the only time you have done me the honour of aſking me to dance ſince we met, ſhould have been at a time when I ſhould certainly have refuſed you."

We preſume not to ſay what Mr. Greville felt at that moment, but he determined to aſſert the *dignity of his ſex;*

he therefore merely bowed, walked away from Charlotte Llewellyn, and ſpoke not to her again that night. When ſhe retired to her own room, ſhe received the following letter from her father :

" Wedneſday.

" CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN,

" YOU may be ſurprized, but muſt " not wonder, at the contents of this.

" Mrs. Gunnings will ſoon become " my wife, and her charming daugh- " ters your ſiſters.

" Lord Oakley has honoured you " with making me propoſals of mar- " riage. I have accepted them with " the reſpect due to his lordſhip.

" I can perceive that Lord Margum " likes your ſiſter, but I know Lord " Glendarran's views for his ſon ; there-

" fore,

" fore, I inſiſt upon it that ſhe gives
" him up inſtantly: for this purpoſe
" you muſt quit the caſtle on Mon-
" day.

" Lord Oakley will be there till then;
" after which, it will be neceſſary for
" you to be here, to prepare for your
" nuptials; which his lordſhip propo-
" ſes ſhall take place as ſoon as poſſi-
" ble.

" Captain Wilſon is my particular
" friend; I deſign him as a huſband for
" my daughter Euphemia. Inform her
" of this, and if ſhe makes any objection,
" tell her that I have family reaſons
" which render it abſolutely neceſſary
" that ſhe never thinks of any other
" man as a huſband.

" I ſhall not viſit the caſtle for ſome
" days, for private reaſons.

 " Your

" Your affectionate father,

" HENRY LLEWELLYN."

" Don't mention a ſyllable of this " letter to any one but Euphemia, I " charge you, on any account."

CHAP. II.

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" Oh grief! thou bleſſing, and thou curſe, how fair,
" How charming art thou, ſitting thus in ſtate
" Upon the eylid of ingenuous youth,
" Waſhing the roſes of a healthful cheek
" With dews of ſilver!

HURDIS.

A NIGHT of more complete miſery we know not how a human being can experience, than did Charlotte Llewellyn. Her father's laſt command was perfectly unneceſſary, as ſhe found it utterly impoſſible to mention his letter to any one.

In contemplating her own ſituatoin, ſhe felt in that ſtate of hopeleſs miſery from which nothing on earth could reſtore her; and it was fortunate for the preſervation of her ſenſes, that the idea

of her ſiſter forced the burning tears from her eyes. The heart alone can form a juſt eſtimation of her ſufferings. To thoſe who have one, it is unneceſſary to attempt a deſcription of them.—Thoſe who have not, could not comprehend them, if they were depicted ever ſo minutely.

All that grief enabled her to reſolve to do, was to keep the intelligence which ſhe had received, a profound ſecret from Euphemia; truſting that ſomething would prevent her from being ſeparated from Lord Margum; therefore relying upon his affection for her ſiſter, and the conſideration that he was of age to marry whom he choſe, ſhe determined that ſhe would ſpare her ſuch poignancy of ſorrow, as ſhe knew every part of her father's letter muſt occaſion her.

The

The command reſpecting Lord Oakley did not occaſion her any ſerious concern. She had no idea of the poſſibility of any woman's being forced to marry a man, and happy would ſhe have been if ſuch a threatened misfortune had been her only cauſe of grief.

Mr. Greville's image now uſurped the place of every other ſorrow; and all her other grief vaniſhed as a dream.—Still ſhe was conſcious that ſhe had acted *right*; or if ſhe durſt not with abſolute confidence pronounce *that*, ſhe was at leaſt aſſured, that ſhe had endeavoured to do ſo: and happily the conſolation ariſing from either conviction is the ſame, tho' the *pleaſure* may not.

Tho' her nature ſhuddered when ſhe reflected on her ſituation, yet hope and reſignation

reſignation darted a ray on the gloom that ſurrounded her.

The pious reſignation of Charlotte Llewellyn, and her confidence in the protection of the Supreme Being, imparted ſerenity to her mind, at a time when deprived of every earthly ſource of comfort.

She did not appear at breakfaſt the enſuing morning; but complaining of indiſpoſition, remained in her own room. Euphemia was early in it, to inquire after her, and ſpeedily brought up her breakfaſt, ſaying,—

"Mr. Greville made you this tea, and took great pains, I aſſure you—I thought he would never have done. Is it right?"

"Oh yes!" ſaid Charlotte, drinking it without farther obſervation. Euphemia

mia began queſtioning her concerning her indiſpoſition, and received ſuch anſwers as ſatisfied her that it was only a head ach, which ſhe hoped would ſoon go off. She then told Charlotte that ſhe had much pleaſing intelligence to communicate reſpecting Lord Margum; that he had mentioned his attachment to Lord Glendarran, who did not oppoſe it, and that they were now completely happy in the contemplation of future felicity.

This ſatisfying Charlotte reſpecting her ſiſter's fate, afforded her ſuch reviving pleaſure, that every ſorrow ſeemed to be removed from her heart; as if her father's marriage with Mrs. Gunnings, and every thing elſe in the world, was really of no importance.

She now began to think that the men-

tal agony ſhe had endured, might have been prevented by reflection, or alleviated by reſignation. She concluded that ſhe had not exerted her reaſon and fortitude in a proper manner, and ſelf-condemnation brought that ſpirit of exertion, which ever accompanies it in a mind governed by reaſon.

She immediately prepared to join the company; but not without offering a prayer of thankſgiving for every bleſſing ſhe enjoyed, and which ſhe feared ſhe had the night before forgotten to eſtimate properly. She forgot all her miſeries till reminded of them by meeting Mrs. Gunnings, and how ſoon ſhe was to become her mother.—Mrs. Gunnings had always treated her with politeneſs; but it was a politeneſs very diſtinct from that which conciliates eſteem,

eſteem, or produces affection; and Charlotte could not avoid conſidering her father's union with her as a misfortune.

Mr. Greville aſked her how ſhe did with much kindneſs; but on her exerting herſelf to appear well and chearful, reſumed his former indifference, and entered no farther into converſation with her.

She was too completely unhappy for even this to affect her more. "If," thought ſhe, "Mr. Greville loved me, ſurely he could not treat me in this manner; and if he did not, ſurely he would not have been ſo unpolite to me as he has."

This conſideration brought her the conviction that *he certainly muſt have been in love with her*: "for what elſe," thought ſhe, "could have changed his behaviour

behaviour ſo intirely?"—It was then natural that ſhe ſhould examine the cauſe from whence his behaviour could proceed, and ſhe concluded that it muſt be a ſcheme to diſcover her opinion of him. "Then", thought ſhe, "he will be miſtaken; for no man ſhall ever gain my love thro' my weakneſs! if he thinks to do ſo, I ſhall ſhew him that I cannot love what I do not eſteem: I needed nothing but his virtues to engage my affection; and he has not increaſed it by having had recourſe to the deſpicable arts of his ſex, to ſhew me the extent of it.—He has power to make me miſerable, I confeſs—but it is only the triumph of an hour. Perhaps he ſees my weakneſs, and deſpiſes it;—but I ſee it myſelf—and can conquer it too! I cannot retain an affection indepen-

dent

dent of eſteem: if he forfeits the claim which I imagined his great merit had to that,—my love will die too! but never ſhall he ſee that ſuch unworthy experiments have any power over me."

Thus ſhe thought, and ſhe acted conſiſtently.

They walked out—Mr. Greville did not ſpeak to her, but appeared in very high ſpirits; chattered to Miſs Gunnings; gathered flowers for her, and paid her every little attention which is ſuppoſed to gratify the heart of woman.

"Pray was you ever in love?" aſked ſhe.

"What a delightful place this is for love!"

"Yes!" anſwered Mr Greville emphatically,

"I am in love! I confeſs it; and I thought

thought that the lady loved me—but ſhe is changed—ſhe is transformed!"——

"Perhaps ſhe is miſerable!" thought Charlotte Llewellyn, who heard his ſpeech.—

"Do you like very ſenſible women?" again aſked Miſs Gunnings, without noticing his anſwer.

"No, indeed, I do not," ſaid he; "I never wiſh to marry a woman with more than a moderate ſhare of underſtanding."——

"You talk like a fool," thought Charlotte, whom ſenſibility and propriety ſtill kept ſilent.

"The greateſt happineſs," continued he, "is to be found with a woman of moderate abilities, and good temper: genius is very admirable, but not very neceſſary in a wife; it is very apt to lead people

people into errors, and eccentricity; nothing can be ſo deſirable as plain common ſenſe; nor nothing more undeſirable than uncommon; but a good temper really I look upon to be almoſt every thing; it is the firſt quality I ſhall conſider eſtimable in a wife; and then her abilities may take chance; if ſhe has common ſenſe, I ſhall think it more fortunate than if ſhe poſſeſſed great abilities."—

"I pity you moſt ſincerely!" mentally exclaimed Charlotte; "and I hope I ſhall never live to ſee you united to a companion for life, who only poſſeſſes common ſenſe; for then you will too late perceive your error!"

Miſs Guninngs applauded his ſentiment; and immediately began a diſſertation upon people of great genius who had

had made moſt ſhocking wives and huſbands. It is true, that as they were conſpicuous figures, they were more eaſily remembered than the numbers who had likewiſe been "*ſhocking wives and huſbands,*" with very moderate abilities; whom ſhe ſeemed totally to have forgotten, or never to have obſerved. Mr. Greville, too, did not recollect this, for he entirely approved what Miſs Gunnings ſaid, adding ſome anecdotes of miſerable, clever people, whom he himſelf had known; which Miſs Gunnings ſighed over, and added,—

"Thoſe very ſenſible people are always reaſoning and diſputing; and it is impoſſible that there can be any domeſtic peace where people are always contending."—

"You are very right, Miſs Gunnings,"

nings," fervently ſaid Mr. Greville, and he ſincerely ſpoke his ſentiments; not reflecting at that moment that very ignorant people are *quite as much* given to diſputing as ſenſible ones, only in a different way.

"Yes," continued Miſs Gunnings, "thoſe people who reaſon, and refine, and have adopted the ſentiments of modern philoſophes and reaſoners, till they have turned reaſon and common ſenſe out of doors, argue themſelves into ſuch wrong beliefs, and ſuch erroneous opinions, that they quite *ſubvert* the order of nature.---I declare that, the other day I heard a very ſenſible woman ſay that ſhe never could, *literally*, obey any man for ever!—only think of that, Miſs Llewellyn!"

"I think ſhe was a very ſenſible woman,"

man," ſaid Charlotte, calmly, tho' emphatically.

"Good God! impoſſible!—ſurely you cannot entertain notions ſo contrary to nature and common ſenſe!" piouſly exclaimed Miſs Gunnings; to which her opponent anſwered,

"If it is contrary to nature and common ſenſe to think for myſelf, I am, I confeſs, very erroneous in my opinions."—

"Well---but ſurely you would obey your huſband?" aſked Miſs Gunnings.--

"That muſt depend upon circumſtances," anſwered Charlotte.---to which the former exclaimed,

"Is it poſſible, Miſs Llewellyn, that you could vow to obey a man, and privately determine not to do ſo?"---"As men enforced the obedience," replied Charlotte, "I am not quite convinced

of

of its juſtice, and as men compoſed the marriage ceremony, I conclude that it is, as all their other works are confeſſed to be, *not free from error*; nor in my opinion, is it quite free from *nonſenſe*, at leaſt I ſhould like to know what is the meaning of a man vowing, in the preſence of his maker, *to worſhip a woman*; whilſt that promiſe is diſpenſed with on their part, I think the obedience, which is much ſuch another, may on ours."

" And ſo you really are determined never to obey your huſband? ſaid Miſs Gunnings.—

" That does not follow," anſwered Charlotte; " if I am ſo happy, if ever I do marry, as to find a man who is obedient to reaſon, I can eaſily be obedient to him."

" But men *cannot* always be obedient

to reaſon," ſaid Miſs Gunnings, " and what will you do then?---they *cannot* always be obedient to reaſon!"

" Then I think it *naturally* follows," replied Charlotte, " that I *cannot* always be obedient to them."

" I am ſorry for you, Miſs Llewellyn," kindly *anſwered* Miſs Gunnings." and I truſt that you never will marry, till you have changed your opinions. There muſt be a ſuperior; and man is deſigned by nature for that ſuperior; therefore the woman who cannot ſubmit to reaſon and common ſenſe, had better never marry."

" I have never been accuſtomed to ſubmit to any thing elſe," ſaid Charlotte; " and indeed I never heard of any perſon who poſſeſſed a ſecret for making their underſtanding ſubmit to any other authority;

authority; tho' I have frequently heard women boaſt of poſſeſſing one for making men *believe* that they do.—

"Why no, certainly," ſaid Miſs Gunnings triumphantly "reaſon and common ſenſe muſt convince any perſon that they cannot *in reality* ſubmit to any thing elſe; but then, it is the duty of a wife to make a huſband believe that ſhe does ſubmit; wether it is conſiſtent with reaſon or no."

"I don't comprehend ſuch logic," ſaid Charlotte—"Dear! why it's the plaineſt thing in nature," replied the more ſagacious Miſs Gunnings—"A woman muſt obey, tho' in reality *ſhe cannot obey*—but, if it is ever ſo much the contrary to her reaſon and inclination, ſhe muſt ſeem to obey."—

 "Seem!"

" Seem!" ſaid Charlotte a little contemptuouſly.

" *I know not what is ſeem.*"

" Lord bleſs me, my dear!" exclaimed Miſs Gunnings, not recollecting her alluſion, or appearing to underſtand its ſenſe, " why really you are quite ſtupid this morning; a woman muſt ſeem to obey her huſband in every thing, and then in reality ſhe will rule him—and that is exactly what Mr. Pope ſays,

" Rules by ſubmitting; by accepting, ſways,
" And has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys."

" Ah beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Greville."

" I don't underſtand ſuch diſſimulation," continued Charlotte, without noticing his remark—" much leſs can I approve it; I deteſt the idea of ruling a man,

man, juſt as much as I do of implicitly obeying one; but I ſhould deſpiſe treating the man I ought to love and honour, like a fool, worſe than that; and of pretending to be a ſlave in order to become a tyrant. I intend to pay my huſband a higher compliment than to think it neceſſary to rule him—and to preſerve too genuine a reſpect both for him and myſelf, to wiſh to deceive him—At leaſt I am confident that I ſhould think it my higheſt duty to make him happy; therefore I truſt I ſhould ever be diſpoſed to oblige him—tho' I confeſs that it would be the effect of love and principle, and not the effort of policy."—

"Ah, depend upon it, you will never be happy," replied Miſs Gunnings; which Charlotte did not controvert, or

ſeem diſpoſed to continue the converſation; which however Mr. Greville prolonged by ſaying,

"You are very right, Miſs Gunnings; you poſſeſs very right notions of happineſs, and very proper ideas: your huſband will be a happy man!—

To this obſervation ſhe ſweetly ſmil'd aſſent: Lady Cecilia, who was preſent, had liſtened very attentively to the diſcourſe on obedience; however ſhe ſeemed diſpoſed to favor Miſs Gunnings's ſyſtem, and remarked that "certainly men ought to rule—but that really it was very hard upon poor women;" finiſhing her obſervations with---"but I never can obey *ſo very much* neither; and I am ſure it CANNOT be natural for a woman to loſe her ſpirit and her ſenſes *quite* when ſhe marries!"

Her

Her obſervations cauſed a general laugh; and ſome witty replies from the gentleman; till their attention was arreſted from the ſubject by the beauties of the ſurrounding ſcenery. They were walking on the borders of a fine natural lake, which was encompaſſed with woods, between and which was a road for carriages to paſs, as it was too extenſive to have been otherwiſe viewed at once. Charlotte Llewellyn advanced to the brink, to admire the purity and tranſparency of the water; and for a moment her ſoul was occupied by the beauty which engaged her eye: till ſhe was awaked from her reverie by Mr Greville, who ſuddenly exclaimed—

"Miſs Llewellyn, pray don't ſtand ſo near!"---"Oh there is no danger," ſaid ſhe, without moving.

 "I think

"I think you had better come away," continued he; "you will excuſe my freedom—but I beg your pardon for taking the liberty to adviſe you."---

She moved.---

"I am afraid that you are fatigued," ſaid he; "will you accept my arm?"

"No, *thank you, ſir*," was all the anſwer ſhe made—perhaps that ſhe could make.---

"Oh I dare ſay Miſs Llewellyn would not depend upon the ſupport of any man!" exclaimed Miſs Gunnings in her uſual tone, when ſhe meant to be witty; adding, "but I think Mr. Greville had better condeſcend to aſk you again, for upon my word I think you will not be able to walk much farther alone, unleſs you quicken your pace."

"I never aſk a lady a ſecond time what

what ſhe has once refuſed me," continued Mr. Greville---"I am very proud I aſſure you."—

"And I am very miſerable," thought Charlotte, who ſilently took her ſiſter's arm, and in ſpight of the ſolicitations of Lord Oakly, perſevered in the determination which Miſs Gunnings had accuſed her of---of depending upon no man---beginning to think, that the beſt were *but frail ſupporters.*

CHAP. III.

"It is opinion governs all mankind,
" As wiſely as the blind that leads the blind."

BUTLER.

FROM admiring Charlotte Llewellyn, Mr. Greville proceeded to ſcrutinize her character, opinions, and virtues, with the circumſpection and impartiality, which he believed every man of ſenſe and prudence ought to do before he made her his wife. In doing this, Mr. Greville was not the firſt wiſe man who has acted fooliſhly.

To

To the goodneſs of her heart and underſtanding, every one bore teſtimony; but in judging of her opinions and prejudices, like moſt other people, he forgot to renounce his own. Like the generality of mankind too, Mr. Greville had imbibed his from living much in the world, and imperceptibly adopting thoſe of the wiſeſt people he was acquainted with, without giving himſelf the trouble of examining whether they had any foundation in truth or not. Many things, therefore, appeared to him very erroneous in a young woman who claimed the privilege of thinking for herſelf.

In the firſt moments of his love, he imagined he could ſoon *break her of this propenſity*, and *bring her round to reaſon*, —that is,—to think as moſt people do.

But the experiments he had tried of his power over her, had not proved very flattering to his vanity, or quite anſwered his expectations.

Mortified by her behaviour, he began to be offended by it, till he finally concluded,—that it was a moſt fortunate circumſtance that Miſs Llewellyn had diſcovered the obſtinacy of her diſpoſition, which he really believed unconquerable.—The uncommon ſentiments ſhe uttered, ſo far from even raiſing the admiration for her underſtanding which they originally inſpired, now only obtained his pity for its being ſo perverted. He felt himſelf a wiſe and a happy man, for not ſuffering his affection to triumph over his judgment, believing that an union with Charlotte Llewellyn could only have been productive of miſery.

He

He was more confirmed in this belief, or to ſpeak more properly, in this opinion, (for that does not deſerve the name of belief which is not the reſult of a ſerious and impartial inveſtigation) by his favourite axiom, that there is no happineſs to be found in the marriage ſtate, but with a woman of good temper and plain ſenſe.

Therefore he finally reſolved to relinquiſh the idea of Charlotte Llewellyn.——

And yet he remained at Glendarran.

Charlotte Llewellyn was likewiſe contemplating very ſeriouſly the character of Mr. Greville.

The reſult of her reflections was, that in his preſent ſtate he could not make her happy.——

And yet ſhe ceaſed not to love him.

But

But I ſoon ſhall, thought ſhe. " I ſaw ſo much goodneſs in Mr. Greville, and when I firſt knew him, diſcovered in him ſo many proofs of his poſſeſſing a moſt amiable temper, an exceſſive degree of tenderneſs, and every quality which renders a man admirable and reſpectable, that I cannot avoid eſteeming him ſtill; however wrong I may think his behaviour to myſelf, that cannot make me unjuſt. Perhaps I have been very vain in fancying that he ever really admired me; yet as love is ſometimes not dependant on the will, I think, ſurely if he had not had ſome unaccountable kind of regard for me, his own goodneſs and politeneſs would have ſecured to me the ſame kind attentions he once honoured me with. But perhaps he never liked me at all; if he did not, his

behaviour has been very unaccountable and unpolite; but that ought not to affect mine. I think I have permitted it to do ſo too much; I have been miſerable enough to excuſe me to myſelf, but I cannot expect that he ſhould make any allowance for it. If he ever had any love for me, it is puniſhment ſufficient to feel convinced that my behaviour muſt have extinguiſhed it. But why ſhould I think thus, when I am not confident that it would contribute to my happineſs to gain it? I acted according to the dictates of nature, delicacy, and reaſon; at leaſt what I conſider as ſuch; above all things I ought to rejoice that I never made myſelf ſo deſpicable as I ſee ſome women do, by endeavouring to win his regard. He poſſeſſes great ſenſe and penetration;

therefore

therefore doubtleſs he would diſcover all my perfections; his behaviour has ſhewn, that he does not think them entitled to his love.

I cannot help it—perhaps they are not—but I think he has miſtaken me a little; at leaſt, I feel myſelf entitled to his eſteem; therefore whilſt we are together, I will not forfeit it farther by childiſhneſs of behaviour."

Such were the mental arguments of two very wiſe people, but we muſt confeſs that Mr. Greville was not quite ſo great a philoſopher as Charlotte Llewellyn; for when, in conſequeuce of her reaſonings, ſhe ſpoke to him when next they met, with all the polite freedom that was natural to her, he turned away from her, without returning her any anſwer.

She

She immediately walked out of the room—however ſhe appeared again at dinner, and apparently in very good ſpirits. The manner in which ſhe conducted herſelf convinced Mr. Greville that he had been deceived in flattering himſelf that ſhe had ever regarded him with partiality; or if ſhe had, that her ſubſequent behaviour did not entitle her to his eſteem; therefore his politeneſs returned, and no one could have poſſibly diſcovered that they were not very good friends—indeed they conſidered each other in that light, and every other thought was ſuppreſſed—we dare not ſay extinguiſhed.

CHAP. IV.

CHAP. IV.

" If I ſhould till the politic arts,
" To take and keep men's hearts;
" I more volumnious ſhould grow
" ——— Than Hollinſhed or Stow."

COWLEY.

MR. Greville, actuated, as he believed, by the pureſt principles of rectitude and propriety, began to imagine that he had acted very erroneouſly, in not ſooner diſcovering the merits of Miſs Gunnings, whom he found to be a woman of good ſenſe,

ſenſe, very proper ſentiments, free from caprice and eccentricity; neither did he obſerve in her that warmth of temper which was very viſible in Miſs Llewellyn.

He contemplated Miſs Gunnings, till he believed that he never ſaw a woman with whom there was ſo rational a foundation for happineſs in the marriage ſtate. Her perſon was univerſally allowed to be beautiful; but Mr. Greville was reſolved to be guided by prudence and reaſon alone in the choice of a wife: he began to think of Miſs Gunnings in that character; but finding an involuntary ſentiment of regret and tenderneſs ſtill accompany the image of Charlotte Llewellyn, he was too delicate to think of immediately ſupplying its place by a freſh object; therefore he reſolved to

quit

quit Glendarran immediately, to try the effect of abſence and change of ſcene: when, if as he believed, he ſhould ſoon loſe all remembrance of Charlotte Llewellyn, to follow the dictates of reaſon and prudence, by offering his hand and fortune to Miſs Gunnings.

It muſt be confeſſed that ſome private efforts of hers had an effect upon a man of his tenderneſs of diſpoſition, which were the primary, though unknown cauſes of his forming theſe reſolves.

Thoſe who are adepts in *flirtation*, will imagine how Miſs Gunnings acquired this influence over Mr. Greville's judgment; thoſe who are not, may be much puzzled to think how it could be poſſible —but as their ignorance is, in this caſe, ſo truly reſpectable, we will not diſplay the various myſterious and impenetrable

arts

arts which ſhe had employed to gain the heart of Mr. Greville; or, in more juſt and comprehenſive language—to make him in love with her. It was a profeſſion ſhe was deeply ſkilled in; and, happily for the ſucceſs of her practice, the heart of man is not proof againſt ſuch artillery, when dexterouſly directed.

Charlotte Llewellyn, who was ſtudiouſly cautious never to be alone with Mr. Greville, though perhaps without exactly knowing why, ſpent her mornings in her own room; entering into converſation, when ſhe joined the company, with every one; ſo well, therefore, did ſhe conceal the real ſituation of her heart, that Mr. Greville was aſtoniſhed to think that he could ever have entertained the belief that ſhe viewed him with partiality.

CHAP: V.

" Sorrow makes ſilence her beſt orator;
" Where words may make it leſs, not ſhew it more."

DANIEL.

ON Sunday morning Mr. Greville entered the breakfaſt room at Glendarran rather later than uſual; but nothing in his manner reminded the company that he was about to depart, till a ſervant entered, and informed him that his carriage was in waiting. He aroſe immediately,

diately, took rather a haſty, but cordial, farewell of Mrs. Gunnings, her daughters, and Lady Cecilia; who told him "ſhe was exceedingly ſorry to part with him;" he repeated "good morning" to Euphemia Llewellyn, in a polite and expreſſive manner; perhaps he had not reſolution to take the hand of Charlotte, as he did of the other ladies, for he certainly appeared either to have forgotten that he had not taken leave of her, or to be incapable of doing ſo; for he was paſſing by her without giving her that ſlight mark of his friendſhip,— hen ſhe calmly extended her arm, and he took the hand, which with delicate and ſenſible frankneſs, ſhe offered him.

Nature was, perhaps, at that moment triumphant in both their ſouls—but time

and

and ſituation permitted not her voice to be heard.

Mr. Greville haſtened out of the room; and Lord Margum almoſt inſtantaneouſly entered it, to announce that he was —gone.

All the ladies, excepting Charlotte Llewellyn, expreſſed real ſorrow on the occaſion; beginning, as is uſual, to enumerate his good qualities, and the loſs they ſhould ſuſtain in his abſence; ſhe did not join in either their praiſes or lamentations, but retired to her own room, and perceived that the ſpirit which had ſupported her was gone, and, as ſhe then believed—for ever!

She felt the pang of nature; of love; but reaſon could not be ſilent long in a mind that was governed by its power. On the preſent occaſion it rouzed her to exertion,

exertion, and ſhe ſtill reſolved to riſe ſuperior to ſenſibility, which ſhe was well convinced could only be the ruin of her better powers, or be itſelf fruitleſsly indulged.

Charlotte Llewellyn, accuſtomed to exert her reaſon, and to uſe every means of diverting ſorrow, took a walk; which affording one of the beſt opportunities of collecting all the powers of reaſon, and exerciſing the imagination, in contemplating what is truly worthy to engage the human mind, was often her reſource againſt unavailing ſorrow, and vain repinings. She returned in that happy ſtate of ſerenity which true wiſdom and reſignation brings; when ſhe was accoſted in the hall, at Glendarran Caſtle, by Lord Oakley, with

"Tally ho!---fine ſport by Jove!"

—Tally ho! my little Charlotte! — the fox is unkenneled — Short chace! — Ha! ha! ha!—Good ſport faith!—— Deviliſh good! —-Tally ho!—Yoicks, boys! hark forward!—-Down on your knees, my little dears, and beg your mama's bleſſing; for d—n me if ſhe is not married as faſt as a church and a parſon can make her!"

"Good Heavens, Lord Oakley, what do you mean!" exclaimed the whole company.

"Mean!" returned he---"why I've juſt been giving away the bride. Aye, aye! truſt *me* to keep a ſecret! faith we are kept as cloſe as a fox in kennel! but it's all over now—ſet the bells to ring!—tally ho!—put on your wedding jackets, girls, and hark forward to Glendarran Houſe, for your're every ſoul to dine

dine there. I knew it all the time! but truſt me to keep a ſecret!"

"Do, do, bleſs you, tell us what is the matter!" earneſtly exclaimed Lady Cecilia, ſeizing one of the buttons of his coat, to prevent his lordſhip from running away, which he ſeemed much diſpoſed to do; to which he replied exultingly,

"Why, the matter, my lady, the matter is, that Mr. Llewellyn's married to Mrs. Gunnings this morning, that's all!"

Oh! merciful heavens!" cried Lady Cecilia, "What! Mr. Henry Llewellyn?"

"Pooh, pooh," return'd his lordſhip, "Mr. Henry Llewellyn! how the devil could you fancy ſuch a thing? Cupid

and a death's head! No, no, that would never do!"

"Oh, mercy then, what fun we ſhall have," exclaimed the happy Lady Cecilia, "ſet every bell in the houſe to ring this inſtant!"

She was, however, prevented from executing her intention, by Euphemia's fainting; who, on her recovery, was conveyed to her own room by her ſiſter. Charlotte endeavoured to ſupport her, by ſuch an exertion of reaſon, as ſhe found would bring relief in every ſituation; and without which, joined to a proper eſtimation of every good and evil of this life, ſhe believed, there could be no happineſs in any.

Her efforts to comfort her ſiſter by the philoſophy which ſhe herſelf practiſed, were not ineffectual.

She

She conſidered the probability of her ſpeedy alliance with Lord Margum, and regarded it as a ſecurity for herſelf and her ſiſter againſt all misfortune; confeſſing that it was chiefly the ſuddenneſs of ſuch very unexpected intelligence as Lord Oakley had communicated, which overcame her.

Charlotte then informed her, that ſhe had before known of the intended union; which ſhe made no farther remark upon, but immediately began to conſult with Euphemia how they could conduct themſelves with moſt propriety.

Mrs. Gunnings, they recollected, had walked out after breakfaſt, as was uſual with her; this, at leaſt, Euphemia recollected; ſaying, that ſhe knew the Miſs Gunnings were in their own room; and alſo that her brother had not been ſeen

ſince breakfaſt, therefore they knew not exactly how many were in the ſecret; Miſs Gunnings ſoon entered their room to expreſs their wonder and ſurprize at what Miſs Gunnings termed, the "moſt wonderful, extraordinary thing that ever happened in nature."

Miſs Emma joined in mutual wonder and ſurprize, expreſſing her hopes that Euphemia was quite recovered from the ſhock, which ſhe remarked, it muſt have given her, from Lord Oakley's horrid manner of mentioning the affair.

Euphemia aſſured them that ſhe was very well; and Charlotte, that her indiſpoſition had been merely occaſioned by the ſuddenneſs of the information.

"Aye indeed, poor dear, it was enough to have killed her to repeat ſuch a wonderful ſtory in ſuch a vile, brutiſh man-

manner," added Miſs Gunnings, ſhewing them a letter which ſhe had juſt received from her mother, *informing* her daughters of *the ſtep ſhe had taken*, and the *real reaſons* which had induced herſelf and Mr. Llewellyn to keep their intentions a ſecret from them *all*; concluding with an invitation to the inhabitants of the Caſtle to dine at Glendarran Houſe—*that they might laugh over the events of the day.*

Miſs Llewellyns ſaid, that they would prepare to leave the Caſtle immediately; and Lady Cecilia, as ſoon as ſhe found, from their appearance, that the event gave them no real uneaſineſs, actually proceeded to ring all the bells, and, as ſhe fancied, *made very good fun.*

Henry Llewellyn had been informed by his father of his intention; but the

ſame motive which induced Charlotte not to communicate the intelligence to Euphemia, prevented him from mentioning it to either. He therefore walked out to avoid being preſent when they muſt unavoidably hear it. He truſted to his ſiſter's ſtrength of mind to ſupport with dignity, what he conſidered as an irremediable evil; and only feared that his own weakneſs would increaſe theirs.

Lady Cecilia and her friends ſoon aſſembled in the hall of the caſtle; and even Lord Glendarran ſmiled, when they all appeared diſpoſed to enjoy as a joke, this ſecret marriage.

The carriages were drawn up, and none of the company chuſing to walk on this *grand occaſion*, they made a very wed-

wedding-like parade to Glendarran Houſe, where they were received by the happy bride and bridegroom with all proper decorum, and much affectation of cordiality.

Congratulations went round, and the day was ſpent in mirth and jollity; except by thoſe whom ſenſibility or grief prevented from partaking in it. Charlotte, however, appeared chearful; and Euphemia was not very unhappy, as Lord Margum ſat near her all the day. Miſs Gunnings alone proclaimed her *griefs*, which ſhe frequently whiſpered to Charlotte, in ſuch *incoherent* expreſſions, as—" She prayed her mother might not repent!"---&c. &c.

When the caſtle family departed, Lady Cecilia inſiſted upon it, that *ſome* of the ladies ſhould remain with her;

telling Mr. Llewellyn, that Charlotte and Euphemia *muſt*; and the Miſs Gunnings, *if they choſe*. Mr. Llewellyn politely thanked her; but, ſaying that the Miſs Gunnings were certainly their own miſtreſſes, informed her that his daughters muſt remain at home for ſome time. This ſhe in vain remonſtrated againſt, and was obliged to ſay at the concluſion of her fruitleſs harrangue, " Well! come then, Miſs Gunnings, let us depart, ſince Mr. Llewellyn is ſo croſs on his wedding day; I wiſh I was his wife to teaze him out of his ſenſes! but we will torment him, I am determined; for I know we ſhall be as ſtupid as owls without Charlotte and Euphemia:" ſaying which, they kindly wiſhed her a good night, and Lady Cecilia departed with the Miſs Gunnings.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

" For as I would adviſe no child to ſtray
" From the leaſt duty that he ought to pay;
" So would I alſo have him wiſely know,
" How much that duty is which he doth owe;
" That knowing what doth unto both belong,
" He may do them their right, himſelf no wrong."

WITHER.

THE following morning Mr. Llewellyn took an opportunity of informing his daughter Charlotte, that Lord Oakley wiſhed to have ſome private converſation with her; which he deſired that ſhe would prepare herſelf to receive

as became a girl in her ſituation, for the great honour a man of his lordſhip's rank and fortune conferred upon her, by thinking of her as his wife; "and I adviſe you, Charlotte," continued he, "to begin, in your firſt acquaintance with Lord Oakley, to treat him with that proper deference and reſpect, which he will ſoon have a legal claim to. He has little peculiarities it is true; and I have often obſerved you with anger, treat him in a very pert, unbecoming manner; *very unbecoming* in a young woman; more eſpecially to a man of rank and title. A fooliſh kindneſs has hitherto prevented me from expoſing you, by openly reproving you for this fault—but I inſiſt upon it, that you never again give me occaſion to mention it; and never let me ſee the ſmalleſt want of that meek-

neſs

neſs and humility which become your ſex, in your behaviour to Lord Oakley.

"In all your conduct to him, I deſire that you will behave as ſuch a girl as you ought to do, and with all the reſpect and attention which his lordſhip is entitled to."

"I certainly ſhall, ſir," ſaid Charlotte, bowing.

"Pray," continued her father, "have you mentioned to Euphemia my intentions concerning my friend Captain Wilſon?"

"I have not, ſir," was her reply.

"And pray, madam, why have you not?" aſked her father in anger; to which ſhe anſwered,

"Becauſe, ſir, I could not be the bearer of ſuch a meſſage."

"What

"What do you mean, madam?" continued he; "how durſt you heſitate to obey my commands? Pray what could induce you to be guilty of ſo inſolent a piece of diſobedience? Speak this moment, madam!"

"The reaſons why I did not communicate your intelligence to my ſiſter, ſir, was, that I knew it would occaſion her inexpreſſible uneaſineſs; and I thought if there was any real neceſſity for her ever knowing what your intentions were, it were better for you yourſelf to inform her of them; at leaſt, ſir, I felt myſelf utterly incapable of telling her, that you could ever wiſh her to marry ſuch a man as Captain Wilſon."

Mr. Llewellyn was in a rage, but *ſmiling*, repeated,

"Uneaſineſs! yes, madam, I do wiſh your

your ſiſter to marry ſuch a man as Captain Wilſon, which I ſhall ſoon let *her* know; in the mean time I inſiſt upon your giving me the reaſons for your objection to him."

"He is your friend, ſir," ſaid Charlotte reſpectfully; to which her father replied,

"Come, come, madam, none of your d--n-d equivocating, that ſhall not excuſe you; tell me this inſtant your real opinion of Captain Wilſon."

"Sir, I think he is a moſt deteſtable little wretch," ſaid ſhe, with a ſincerity which her father's interrogation demanded.

Mr. Llewellyn lifted up his hand to ſtrike her; but happily the pride of a *gentleman* at that moment ſupplied the honour of a man and the tenderneſs of

a fa-

a father, and prevented him from degrading himself, by *beating a woman*; therefore he conquered the strong propensity he had to do so, and exclaimed,

"Thou detestable huzzy! tell me this moment how you dare to speak in such a manner of Captain Wilson?"

"I am very sorry, sir, that you forced me to speak," replied Charlotte; "but I cannot obey your commands without speaking truth. I never in my life disliked any man so much as I do Captain Wilson."

"And pray, madam, what can you possibly dislike him for?" asked Mr. Llewellyn, in his usual tone.

"It is impossible, sir, without giving you offence," replied Charlotte, "to express all my motives for disliking Captain Wilson; but I think you would find that

no

no woman of delicacy could poſſibly like him. He pays the groſſeſt compliments in ſo impertinent, free a manner, with an air that demands admiration for them ſo inſulting to delicacy and common ſenſe, that he is quite diſguſting. Then, he never ſays what he thinks, and it is impoſſible to get his ſincere opinion of any thing, for he ſeems to conſider it a ſin to ſpeak truth, and always to be ſtudying to diſguiſe himſelf. In ſhort, there is an undiſcernible ſomething in him that I never could fathom, for every thing he does and ſays, wears an appearance of deceit; and, if I am not much miſtaken, he is a great gameſter."

Mr. Llewellyn bluſhed, but continued to avail himſelf of authority and preſcription, as moſt people do in ſuch circumſtances; therefore continued.—

"I in-

" I inſiſt upon it, madam, that none of your opinions ever reach your ſiſter; or, that you dare to influence her conduct."

" I hope ſhe will not need any influence, ſir, but her own good ſenſe, if ever you mention the ſubject to her," ſaid Charlotte; to this Mr. Llewellyn was prevented from replying, by ſeeing Lord Oakley approach, which obliged him to change the converſation, and exerciſe the authority of a parent on Charlotte herſelf; which he did, by ſaying, " Now, madam, I deſire that you will perform your own duty properly, and aſſume a more gentle diſpoſition than you have hitherto diſcovered, to receive the man who honours you with his love."

" I hope, ſir, I ſhall act right," re-

replied Charlotte---when Lord Oakley entered, and Mr. Llewellyn, after a few cuſtomary words, departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

" Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord!
SHAKESPEARE.

LORD Oakley began *making love*, by exclaiming,

" Tally ho, my little Charlotte!—what, I've caught you at laſt, have I!---Come, come, my jewel, give me a kiſs for a beginning. Nothing like coming to the point at once!---Aye, aye, you ar'nt like Miſs Gunnings, or thoſe proud made-up quality girls that give themſelves ſuch airs, or elſe I ſhould never have given a d--n for you!"

" Keep your diſtance, ſir, ſaid Charlotte,

lotte, or I ſhall let you know, that neither Miſs Gunnings nor any girl in England will ſooner teach it you than I ſhall."

"Aye, aye, you muſt make a little fuſs and parade," cried he, "or elſe it would not be decent; but I'm an old ſportſman! I like a little winding and turning after the fox is turned out; but don't think I'm to give up the chaſe for a few difficulties---No! no! I ſhall have you at laſt! ſo never mind playing off any d--d ſilly nonſenſical airs. I'm not one of thoſe ſqueamiſh gentlemen who can't reliſh a woman unleſs ſhe is ſhy---It's all d--d ſtuff!—ſo don't give yourſelf the trouble of putting yourſelf in a paſſion, my dear! or ſpoiling the looks of that ſweet pretty face—but give me a kiſs immediately!—and then I'll tell you

all

all the honours I mean to confer on you."

"I inſiſt upon it, ſir, that you move farther!" exclaimed Charlotte, in a very peremptory tone—"and I deſire that you will ſpeak a little more like a gentleman, or I ſhall leave the room inſtantly."

"Well," ſaid his Lordſhip "I muſt ſay you look deviliſh handſome, to be ſure, for all you are ſo proud—but ſtop, my jewel, till you are my wife! and then you ſhall be as proud as you like; for by my ſoul, I think it makes your eyes look brighter than ever!"

"If you don't ſpeak plainly, ſir, if you really have any thing to ſay to me, I *will* leave the room; for no man in the world ſhall talk to me in this manner,"—ſaid Charlotte, who felt herſelf

even more than a *Llewellyn* at that moment; but his Lordſhip, like ſuch lovers, pleaſed with every change whilſt their admiration laſts, exclaimed,

" D--n me if you don't look handſomer and handſomer!—Well, come, I forgive you! for I like a little cold hunting now and then well enough."

" *What do you mean, ſir!*" ſaid Charlotte, whoſe patience was nearly exhauſted by his lordſhip's rhetoric.

" Mean!" he exultingly replied,—" why I mean to make you *my wife!* I mean to give up Jenny Jenkins for you!—to give up all the world for you!—to marry you! and to give to you and your heirs for ever Oakley Caſtle and the eſtates thereto belonging!—to make you Lady Oakley! to introduce you at court! and to ſhew to all the world that I've

I've got the handſomeſt woman in England!"

"And, pray, how does your Lordſhip think I can ever be ſufficiently grateful for all theſe great and manifold honours which you mean to confer on me?" aſked Charlotte.

"Why to be ſure, my dear," anſwered his lordſhip, "it is a great deal to ſacrifice—Jenny Jenkins is really deviliſh handſome—but d--n me if you ar'nt a thouſand times handſomer!

"I never had any great reliſh for matrimony; but as ſoon as I ſpied you, I fixed my eye on you—and I'm ſo deviliſhly in love with you, that d--n me it does not ſignify talking, for I muſt marry you!"

"I am infinitely obliged to you, ſir," ſaid ſhe, in a tone which his Lordſhip

ſhip did not quite underſtand the ſignificance of; therefore he continued,

"Give me a kiſs, my jewel! and I'll never think of the obligation. I always was a d--d good-natured fellow! but never mind—never mind; all I deſire is—for you to love me truly and faithfully all the days of your life, and then I ſhall never think of the obligation."

"But ſuppoſing, my Lord, that I could never love you at all," ſaid Charlotte.—

"Aye, that's only d--d nonſenſe!' returned he—on which Charlotte continued,

"Since you are ſo very incredulous, I muſt ſpeak plainly, ſir. I neither do love you, nor can I ever love you. I thank you for the honour you intended to confer on me; which I plainly

perceive you conſidered as ſuch. It unfortunately happens that I cannot—

" What!" interrupted his lordſhip, " not conſider it an honour to be Lady Oakley?"

" No, ſir, nor Lord Oakley neither," replied ſhe. " What!" exclaimed he, —" don't you think my title is of ſome importance to me?"

" Very great, my Lord!"

" Very well, Madam," continued he; " and pray don't you think it would be of very great importance to you, if you had a title?"

" Indeed, ſir, I do not," replied ſhe calmly—" for I am proud enough to think that it would not make me more reſpectable: and wiſe enough to know that it would not make me more important."

" How

"How can that be, Charlotte? how can that be!"—aſked his Lordſhip in amazement "Did not you ſay juſt now that my title was of very great importance to me?"

"I did," replied ſhe, "and I ſay ſo ſtill,---for you are indebted to it *for all the importance you poſſeſs.*"

"Very true, Charlotte! very true!" ---repeated his Lordſhip, pleaſed with her *words*---"now you talk like a woman of ſenſe! A lord, you know, does not care a d--n for all the world."—

"*Very true, ſir,*" ſaid Charlotte; "but perhaps you *do not know* that the reſpect even Lords obtain, is always juſt as much as they really deſerve; and that the opinions they inſpire are exactly like thoſe they entertain."

"Ay to be ſure,"—continued he, "it

is a very fine reſpectable thing to be a Lord; I'm deviliſh glad that I've a title," To which Charlotte replied,

" Indeed, ſir, you have great need, for I muſt take the liberty of telling you that it is your only preſervation from the contempt of the world! though not quite ſufficient to prevent *me* from telling you that I *deſpiſe you*, and that the inſolence with which you have treated me, can only be excuſed by your *conſummate ignorance*.---But the contempt which you create has a claim to pity, and I do pity you moſt ſincerely, my lord; adviſing you, in return for the kindneſs you intended to ſhew me, never again to addreſs a gentlewoman."

" No, nor d--n me if I do!" exclaimed his lordſhip---" and I'll go to your father, miſs, this moment, and inform

form him of your d--d inſolent behaviour!"

Saying which, he walked out of the room, to the great joy of poor Charlotte, who heard him call for his carriage with great fury, and ſay to her father, in the hall,

"Mr. Llewellyn, I promiſe you, if your daughter does not beg my pardon, and treat me with the reſpect due to me, it will be worſe for her when ſhe's Lady Oakley. But d--n me, if ſhe does not change her note I'll never marry her at all, no nor any woman in England! d--n me if I do!"

Saying which, he departed with the firm determination of forgetting her, and driving immediately to Oakley Caſtle, relate to Jenny Jenkins an account of the inſults he had received—poſitively

fixing in his own mind, that if Charlotte Llewellyn did not immediately write him a very ſubmiſſive letter, he really would not marry her: in which expectation, and with determinations ſo inimical to the grandeur of that lady, we muſt take leave of Lord Oakley.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

" Nothing but itſelf, knows how to fit
" The mind with that which beſt ſhall ſuit with it ;
" Then why ſhould *parents* thruſt themſelves into
" What they want warrant for, and pow'r to do ?
" How is it they are ſo forgetful grown,
" Of thoſe conditions that were once their own ?"

WITHER.

MR. LLEWELLYN entered the room in a perfect fury, before Charlotte had ceaſed laughing at Lord Oakley's threats; which obſerving, he exclaimed,

" What do you mean, madam !--- how have you dared to treat Lord Oakley ?"---

" As he deſerved, ſir," anſwered Char-

lotte; "tho' not with ſo much contempt as he merited."

"And pray, madam, how much contempt do you think a huſband will bear?" aſked Mr. Llewellyn; to which Charlotte replied,

"I never contemplated Lord Oakley in ſo reſpectable a character, ſir."

"Then if you do not know your duty already, madam," ſaid her father, (in a tone which had ſufficient authority in it, if that could enforce obedience) "I will ſoon teach it you, and make you know the reſpect due to his Lordſhip from ſuch a d--d inſolent huſſey as you are."

"I will deceive you no longer, ſir," ſaid Charlotte, "ſince my inſinuations hitherto have not informed you of my opinion:—I deſpiſe Lord Oakley; and nothing

nothing ſhould induce me to marry him."---

"But I'll try whether I can or not," ſaid her father; "for if you don't marry him, and make a proper atonement for your treatment of him this morning, and heartily repent of your d--d inſolent behaviour to me,---d--n me if I don't turn you out of doors, with a ſhilling for your portion."

"You may do that, ſir," ſaid Charlotte, with calm fortitude; "but you cannot make me marry Lord Oakley, nor deprive me of the riches of innocence."

"Take care, madam," cried he, "that they are not ſoon your ſole inheritance; for if you do perſiſt in refuſing to marry Lord Oakley, I ſolemnly proteſt"——

"Stop, ſir, for heaven's ſake," ex-

claimed Charlotte;—"and do not let your anger prompt you to ſay what you may repent.---I never can,---I never will marry Lord Oakley; you can have no juſt cauſe to think I am undutiful in telling you ſo, when I ſay that I hate and deſpiſe him---ſurely, ſir, you cannot ſuppoſe that any want of reſpect to you. It is the effect of my judgement and my feelings. I ſhould be ſorry, ſir, if they did not lead me to accept ſuch a man for my huſband as you might intirely approve;---but you do not, I hope, conſider me ſo depraved as to marry a man whom I could never eſteem. —Surely, ſir, you cannot be ſo ungenerous to Lord Oakley as to permit you to let his rank and fortune be an inducement to you for wiſhing to give him a wife with whom he would be miſerable

---and

---and ſurely, ſir, you would not wiſh your child to become for ever wretched?"

"None of your d--d ſophiſtry to me, madam, if you pleaſe," ſaid her *father*.—"I tell you merely, madam, that I am *your father*, and that it is the duty of a child to be obedient to its parent—that I inſiſt on your marrying Lord Oakley; and that if you dare to diſpute my authority, I ſhall ſhew you my power."

"I am ready to ſubmit to whatever puniſhment you chooſe to inflict," ſaid Charlotte, bowing. "I thank you, ſir, for having given me ſuch an education as informed me not to expect happineſs in any thing but a conſciouſneſs of endeavouring to act right, and as leads me to be content in every ſituation, and with

every occurence.---I will never be the voluntary author of certain miſery, therefore do with me as you pleaſe in other reſpects, ſir---I will not repine."

"Very well, madam!" returned he; "you will ſoon have to experience the bitter conſequences of your diſobedience, if you perſiſt in it; and to live upon thoſe principles which promiſe you ſo much conſolation in theory"; ſaying which, he left her.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

" This wholſome precept from the wiſe I learn,
" To think of miſery without concern."

EURIPIDES.

REFLECTION ſoon reſtored Charlotte Llewellyn to her uſual ſtate of compoſure. Firmly convinced how ſhe ought to act, ſhe merely reſolved to perform what ſhe conſidered as her duty to the beſt of her power: reaſon and faith equally convinced her that ſuch conduct only could enſure her peace, and afford her a reaſonable hope that her endeavours would be accepted by that great Being on whom the world, and all that is thereon, depend.—

She had juſt regain'd this command over her weakneſſes, when Lord Margum entered with her brother, to pay their reſpects to Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn, and to inform them all that they were very unexpectedly going to take a long journey: Lord Glendarran having received a letter the night before, which contained intelligence that rendered it abſolutely neceſſary for either himſelf or his ſon, to viſit his eſtate in Scotland. His own conſequence in the ſtate, rendered it impoſſible for him to attend to his own affairs; therefore he requeſted his ſon to go immediately, and Henry Llewellyn offered to accompany him.

They determined to leave Glendarran on the following day: having both private reaſons, perhaps, for wiſhing the journey as ſpeedily made as poſſible; there-

therefore they ſpent the day at Glendarran Houſe, took leave of its inhabitants, and departed with the hope of ſeeing them again in three weeks. This, it muſt be confeſſed, appeared *an age* to more than one of the party; but the gentlemen reſolved to *bear it like men*, as the ladies did,—*like women*; which, without meaning any ſatire on the ſex, we beg leave to ſay, merely implies,—*with more acute grief*, for it muſt not be denied that abſence is more eaſily ſupported by men than women.

The behaviour of the new-made Mrs. Llewellyn was very polite to her *daughters*, as ſhe immediately called Miſs Llewellyns; aſſuring them of her *truly maternal affection for them*. All her attentions however did not diveſt Charlotte of the idea that ſhe was inſincere; but

but as Euphemia was really diſpoſed to like her, Charlotte did not hint her ſuſpicions; as indeed, ſhe was both too ſenſible and too good to have done, if it had been otherwiſe.

Captain Wilſon became very particular in his attentions to Euphemia, after the departure of Lord Margum; but they had no influence, ſave to create diſguſt, in a heart where his image was enſhrined.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

" He that's a *gameſter* hath no vice but one;
" All other faults may paſs for virtues in him."

SHAKESPEARE.

OF the temper and diſpoſition of Mr. Llewellyn, our readers may already form ſome opinion; but his character is not yet clearly developed. In one word, he was a

GAMESTER.

His behaviour to his daughters was merely a part of his profeſſion. To make other's miſerable was his trade; and to live

live by their deſtruction the buſineſs of his life.

Charlotte was, unfortunately, ſolely dependent on him for a proviſion; but Euphemia had ten thouſand pounds left her by a godmother, which was entruſted to her father's care till ſhe came of age; from which period ſhe was now diſtant three years.

Captain Wilſon was a ſtill more ſkilful adept in gambling than Mr. Llewellyn; and in the noble game of billiards almoſt unrivalled.---But by an uncommon run of ill-luck, added to moſt unfortunately and imprudently addicting himſelf to ſit too long over his bottle, his hand ſhook; and he loſt five hundred pounds by ſhooting an ivory ball the thouſandth part of an inch too far. Misfortune on misfortune accumulated,

till

till at length Captain Wilſon was reduced to the extream diſtreſs of being obliged to take a wife to extricate himſelf. Many women of fortune whom he addreſſed, treated him with the contempt which riches alone inſpired them with for a man who dared preſume to ſolicit their love without a title and fortune. All in whom a proper portion of delicacy and ſpirit exiſted, behaved to him with the repulſing indifference which the familiarity of his behaviour, and the dulneſs of his flattery could not fail to awaken.

Few women of ſenſe had been attacked by him, as the weakneſs of his wit, and the ſtrong propenſity to diſplay it, expoſed him to ſuch humiliating convictions of his inſignificancy, that he reſolved never to try to gain a ſenſible

ſible woman, let her fortune be never ſo great.

Thus, however expedient Captain Wilſon found it to get a wife, and live comfortably, the obtaining of a proper one was ſo arduous a taſk, that he began to deſpair: till in one lucky evening Mr. Llewellyn loſt two thouſand pounds to him, and having no poſſibility otherwiſe of paying it immediately with convenience to himſelf, offered Captain Wilſon his daughter Euphemia with the other eight.

This was really a hard caſe. Ten thouſand pounds was a very trifling ſum for Captain Wilſon to *ſacrifice himſelf for*, as he inſtantly thought; but when he had ſeriouſly conſidered the matter---reflected on his various diſappointments, and the great demand for women of fortune

tune---he modeſtly and wiſely concluded that he might probably be ſome time before he obtained a wife with *more*; which, as he was abſolutely ruined then, operated ſo powerfully as to determine him to ſell his liberty thus cheaply, and accept Mr. Llewellyn's offer; for which purpoſe he did him the honour of a viſit.

Mrs. Gunnings, being herſelf a gameſter, was informed by Mr. Llewellyn of their *intentions*, and highly applauded them. As ſhe ſoon diſcovered Lord Margum's attachment to Euphemia, ſhe informed both Mr. Llewellyn and Lord Glendarran of it. His Lordſhip certainly wiſhed his ſon to marry Lord Norfolk's daughter; but knowing that he had no *power* to control his actions, as *his* eſtates were entailed on Lord Margum,

he

he thought it prudent and proper to keep his wiſhes ſecret from him; ſtateſman-like, endeavouring to effect by policy what he could not do by force.

Mrs. Gunnings, actuated by her own private wiſhes, and by the ſtrongeſt deſire to complete her own ſcheme, which ſhe formed previouſly to leaving London, preſented to Mr. Llewellyn, in glowing colours, Lord Glendarran's diſapprobation of his ſon's attachment to his daughter; who conſidering that his Lordſhip would perhaps never conſent to the union, and, beſides, having very ſerious and ſubſtantial reaſons why he thought ſhe ſhould marry ſomebody elſe, would have removed them both from the caſtle, on the firſt account Mrs. Gunnings gave him of Lord Margum's attachment to her daughter Euphemia, but for her

aſſu-

aſſurances that it would be *highly imprudent* to do ſo.

She remarked, wiſely no doubt, " that Euphemia would be ten times more in love with Lord Margum if ſhe was not with him conſtantly; and that with one lover in her head, the attentions of another would loſe their effect;" ſhe therefore concluded by ſaying, that " the firſt thing to be done was to get Lord Margum out of the way, and then your wiſhes will all be completed, as a matter of courſe in a ſtraight-forward manner; for I aſſure you, Mr. Llewellyn, you have nothing to fear from ſuch an attachment as hers and Lord Margum's; ſuch mere boy's and girl's love is really ridiculous."

To all this he aſſented; acquieſcing in the propriety of his daughter's remaining at the caſtle, from his diſcovery

very of Lord Oakley's paſſion for Charlotte, and the confeſſion which that nobleman made to him—" that he was determined to marry her, as ſhe was the greateſt beauty he ever ſaw in his life."

Mrs. Gunnings was employed by Mr. Llewellyn to conduct theſe affairs, according to her infinite ſkill and experience—from the preſent ſtate of which, her excellent management, and ſecret rejoicings, may be inferred.

Lord Glendarran had planned the journey for his ſon. After his departure, Mrs. Llewellyn thought it *beſt* for the Miſs Llewellyns to be at their father's houſe, and her own daughters at the caſtle. With her uſual policy, ſhe ſtudied to make Glendarran Houſe agreeable to them, behaving to them with ſo much kindneſs, as to make it impoſ-

ſible

ſible for them to ſuppoſe that ſhe had any ſhare in promoting Mr. Llewellyn's wiſhes.

Indeed ſhe conſidered herſelf as a very kind friend to Charlotte, for praiſing her ſo much, as ſhe had done to Lord Oak ley—though ſhe might partly be induced to do it, from the idea, that if her daughters ſhould not marry according to her expectations, Oakley Caſtle would be a very agreeable ſummer reſidence for them.

She perceived, with equal grief and aſtoniſhment, Charlotte's indifference to his Lordſhip, ſo totally unaccountable in ſuch a girl, and was reduced to perfect deſpair when Mr. Llewellyn related the account of her obſtinate, undutiful behaviour, being convinced that ſhe was—*unconquerable*; all her views, there-

ſore, were directed to prevail upon Mr. Llewellyn to diſcard her, and that, too, before ſhe had contaminated her ſiſter, from whoſe gentleneſs ſhe feared nothing, if Charlotte did not excite her to rebellion.

Acquainted with the human heart, or rather with its weakneſſes, (which the wiſdom ſhe poſſeſſed,—cunning—beſt knows how to work upon,) ſhe obſerved with pleaſure, Mr. Llewellyn's ſlight attachment to his children---Her hopes revived, and ſhe directed all her arts to bring ſpeedily upon Charlotte the *diſgrace and ruin which ſhe deſerved*, for behaving with inſolence to her father, and refuſing to marry a Lord.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

" Such ſmiling Jezabels as this,
" Like rats, oft bite the holy chords in twain,
" That are too intrinſe t'unlooſe; ſmooth every paſſion
" That in the nature of their lords rebel;
" Bring oil to fire—ſnow to their colder moods."

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR ſome days Mr. Llewellyn ſpoke very little to his daughter, and never mentioned Lord Oakley's name, ſince ſhe had given him her real determination; from which ſhe hoped that all thoughts of him were given up, till

one morning, when ſhe was withdrawing from the breakfaſt room, he ordered her to follow him into the library; Miſs Gunnings having previouſly breakfaſted with them, and taken Euphemia out in Lady Cecilia's phaeton. Mr. Llewellyn's firſt words to Charlotte, on their arrival in the library, after ordering her to ſhut the door, were,

"Charlotte Llewellyn! I am now come to a final determination concerning you, and inſiſt upon your telling me, ſimply and plainly, this moment, whether you will, or will not, marry Lord Oakley."

"Certainly, ſir, I never will," ſhe replied, with a gentle intrepidity.

"It is your firm determination?"---

"Yes, ſir."---

"Then, madam, take this, and quit

my houſe for ever!"——ſaid her *father*, in a voice ſcarcely audible through rage.

She ſtood, transfixed with horror.

When Mr. Llewellyn's paſſion varying from diſappointment to brutality, he exclaimed, "Nay, move this moment, you d---d ungrateful, diſobedient huzzy; for not another hour ſhall you ſtay in my houſe!"

"No, that ſhe ſhall not," added Mrs. Llewellyn, who at that moment entered,—"you moſt undutiful wretch to the beſt of fathers!"

"Where is my ſiſter?" calmly aſked Charlotte.

"Removed from the contagion of your example, Miſs," replied her kind mother; adding, "and never will ſhe ſee you again, I hope."

"Madam, I am not ignorant of your

deſigns concerning her," anſwered Charlotte; "but I rely upon Lord Margum's affection to preſerve her from your deteſtable ſchemes; when he returns, I ſhall depend upon her affection to afford me that protection which you deprive me of, in a father's houſe."

"No, madam! it is your own undutifulneſs which deprives you of it," ſaid he.

"Lord Margum!" repeated his wife, *ſmiling*, "Lord Margum has other views than to marry your ſiſter, I promiſe you, miſs—ſo that I'm afraid your *philoſophy* will be put to the trial, when you find that you are deprived of the happy retreat, which I ſuppoſe you had pictured with him and your ſiſter, in ſome cottage. I think, miſs, that you might have found Oakley Caſtle as pleaſant a place,

if

if you had not been either mad, or wilfully ſo !——

" Aye, d--n you !" exclaimed her father, " quit my houſe this inſtant, and for ever !"

" I will obey your orders, ſir," replied Charlotte; adding, with dignified ſolemnity,

" But permit me to ſay, that the parent who abandons his child, and *curſes* her without a cauſe, releaſes her from every moral and religious obligation."

Saying which, ſhe walked out of her father's houſe, and purſued the road to the caſtle.

CHAP. XII.

" In fortune's love, the bold and coward,
" The wiſe and fool,
" The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd and kin;
" But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
" Diſtinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,
" Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
" And what hath maſs or matter by itſelf,
" Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled."

SHAKESPEARE.

" AND ſo I am an outcaſt from my father's houſe!" mentally exclaimed Charlotte Llewellyn: " I am deprived of a home!—fortune!—friends!!!—

Yet,

Yet, ſurely I ought not to deſpair, for I have done no wrong!"

Thus ſhe continued thinking, and walking, ſhe knew not whither, till ſhe arrived at Glendarran Caſtle.

Such ſituations as ſhe was now in, afford no ſtate of mediocrity for the mind to act in;—it muſt abſolutely ſink under, or riſe ſuperior to all earthly misfortune.

Charlotte had a ſoul which did not permit her to do the former; and a mind ſo controled by reaſon, that ſhe ſpeedily did the latter.

She did, indeed, feel exalted above herſelf!---above mortality;---nor was the brightneſs of the moment a tranſient gleam of enthuſiaſm, ſucceeded by the darkneſs of deſpair.

She extended her view to the great

Creator of heaven and earth, experiencing in her exertion of the faculties beſtowed upon her, an increaſed portion of calm ſelf-approbation.

Thus exerciſing reaſon, hope and reſignation, ſhe baniſhed all vain repinings, and immediately began to reflect how ſhe could act, ſo as to diſcharge her own duties properly, without endeavouring to imagne what might ariſe from it.

Nothing appeared more proper to her, or ſo immediately preſented itſelf to her imagination, than to addreſs Lord Glendarran, of whoſe prudence ſhe had a high opinion, and whoſe humanity ſhe hoped was equal to it. Reſolving therefore not to hint her ſituation to any one elſe, but to conſult him immediately, ſhe entered the caſtle, in the hall of

which, ſhe was met by Lady Cecilia and Miſs Emma Gunnings, who very kindly received her, and expreſſed a hope that ſhe was come to ſpend the day with them; for, continued Lady Cecilia, " I don't think Miſs Gunnings and Euphemia will return to day;—ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould drive to T——; and you know how kind and friendly they are:--nobody ever gets away from thence before dinner."--Adding, " oh, Charlotte, I am ſo glad you are come, for I have been quite miſerable without you, and your brother and ſiſter too."

Charlotte cordially thanked her; tho' her heart was in too precarious a ſtate to permit her to ſay much, without hazarding a diſcloſure of her emotion; ſhe immediately, therefore, aſked where Lord

Glendarrah was; ſaying ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak to him.

"Oh you may be ſure where he is," exclaimed Lady Cecilia.

"In his own dear parlour, up to the eyes in ſtate papers, *proſing* and *fretting* over *bills* without pounds, ſhillings, or pence in them."

"What can you poſſibly want with him?—Mercy, Charlotte! I would not be ſhut up there with him for a thouſand guineas!"

She ſmiled, and ſaid, "go your walk, as I ſee you intended—I muſt ſee your father"—which Lady Cecilia, after a few more exclamations, permitted her to do.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

" ——'Tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
" To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
" But no man's virtue, or ſufficiency,
" To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
" The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE compliments of the morning paſt, Charlotte proceeded to inform Lord Glendarran of her ſituation, and ſolicit his advice; mentioning, that as he knew of his ſon's intended union with her ſiſter, ſhe imagined that he would agree with her in thinking that they would

would not ſuffer her to be deſtitue of a home.

Lord Glendarran liſtened to her with profound ſilence and attention, till he ſaw that ſhe had quite done ſpeaking; when he thus began:

" Miſs Lewellyn, I am totally unuſed to theſe private affairs, and very incompetent to judge of the real merits of the cauſe from your repreſentation of it. I am far from doubting the aſſertions of a woman of ſo much honour, good ſenſe, and candour, as you poſſeſs; but it is impoſſible for me to decide juſtly till I have heard the matter in debate fully canvaſſed on both ſides of the queſtion, and heard all the arguments which the oppoſite party may urge in ſupport of their meaſures; perhaps if I was to hear them

them fully and clearly debated, I might perceive reaſons ſo forcible, and arguments ſo juſt, as to incline me to give my vote on their ſide.—On the other hand, I will candidly and impartially liſten to your defence, and doubt not but you will produce ſuch ſubſtantial and ſufficient evidence of the truth and propriety of the grounds of your arguments, as to ſatisfy the mind of every unbiaſſed and unprejudiced hearer."

"Sir," anſwered Charlotte, "I can never wiſh to juſtify myſelf at the expenſe of the condemnation of my father —I ſhall be much obliged to you if you will only adviſe me how to act."

His Lordſhip replied,

"Unacquainted, madam, as I before ſaid, with all that the oppoſite party has to urge in defence of meaſures which,

in

in the abſtract, I do confeſs, would, to a ſuperficial obſerver, appear arbitrary, it is utterly impoſſible for me to decide. —I can only *give my opinion*, that you ſhould obey your father, and not give into that ſpirit of rebellion, which threatens deſtruction to all the ſtates of Europe.—That juſt balance of power which is requiſite to preſerve peace, unanimity, and tranquillity in a private family, demands that equal weight in the authority of a parent, and the ſubmiſſion of a child, which can alone fix its happineſs and proſperity on a firm and ſolid baſis, and be productive of that beautiful coalition and harmony, on which all durability and concord depend."

"My Lord," anſwered Charlotte fervently, "my father has treated me unjuſtly

juſtly—cruelly,—he has diſcarded me from his houſe and protection for ever, therefore my ſubmiſſion, or his authority, is no longer of any importance—what do you think I can do?—where go?"

"Madam," interrupted his Lordſhip, "your father muſt certainly have had juſt and ſufficient grounds for his conduct, before he could have proceeded to ſuch extremities; but it appears to me, that there is no probability of compromiſing the matter—all that I can adviſe, in the exiſting circumſtances, is, that you ſhould *ſubmit to neceſſity*. An attempt to rectify abuſes is frequently attended with more danger than individuals are aware of—If there may be ſome little injuſtice in your father's treatment of you, it is certainly better

for

for you to ſubmit to it, than to raiſe freſh diſturbances, by appealing for redreſs of grievances.—Doubtleſs, madam, you have many friends, who will be very happy in the honour of your company."

"My Lord, I thank you for your advice," ſaid Charlotte, "which I ſhall value as it deſerves."

His Lordſhip *bowed.*

Charlotte curteſyed, and was walking out of the room, when he ſaid,

"I hope, madam, that we ſhall have the honour of your company to dinner."

"I am much obliged to you, my Lord," replied ſhe; "but I cannot poſſibly ſtay;" on which ſhe repeated her curteſy, and departed, without noticing the

the very profound bow, and polite manner in which Lord Glendarran wiſhed her—*a very good morning.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

" Wiſdom, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,
" And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
" What is ſhe but the means of happineſs?
" That unobtained, than folly more a fool;
" A melancholy fool without her bells.

YOUNG.

THIS ſpecimen of the advice of friends determined Charlotte Llewellyn to be very cautious how ſhe again expoſed her miſeries, or ſubmitted her judgement to the guidance of another.

She took the road to the neighbouring village, wiſhing to avoid meeting Lady Cecilia, and meditating on what ſhe *could* do, perceived nobody amongſt her numerous friends and relations to whom

whom ſhe could with pleaſure apply, but Sir Edwin Loyd; who, as he was a batchelor, ſhe concluded they might think the moſt improper of all. This perhaps would not have prevented her; but mortified and diſguſted by the reception ſhe had met with from Lord Glendarran, ſhe determined not to hazard the increaſing of her miſery ſo much as it would be to experience any thing like a ſimilar diſappointment from him; therefore, though the high reſpect ſhe felt for his judgement, and the knowledge ſhe had of his real goodneſs, ſtrongly induced her to wiſh for his advice on ſuch an occaſion, ſhe reſolved to forego it.

Her ſiſter's image ſoon occupied the firſt place in her imagination. Of Captain Wilſon ſhe did not think; and ſhe had

had no doubt of Lord Margum's ſincerity, therefore all her fears for her were confined to the preſent time.

She reflected upon what Euphemia would ſuffer when informed of her ſituation, and that ſhe was then totally unable to afford her relief, which ſhe knew would greatly enhance her ſufferings.

Charlotte contemplated them till ſhe forgot her own—anxious only to relieve her, ſhe entered the little village ſhop, and requeſting a ſheet of paper, wrote the following letter to her ſiſter :

" My dear Euphemia,

" Imagining what your tender and " affectionate heart will ſuffer when you " are informed of my ſituation, it is " my firſt wiſh to endeavour to conſole " you, and to deſire, that on this try-

ing

" ing occaſion you will not fail to have
" recourſe to thoſe reaſonings of piety
" and philoſophy which were ſo early
" inſtilled into your mind, and whoſe
" influence has hitherto enabled us to
" ſupport ourſelves with a quiet ſub-
" miſſion, and, I truſt, a becoming re-
" ſolution.—In this hour, my ſiſter, I
" am fully ſenſible of the reward of
" having ever accuſtomed myſelf to a
" conſtant habit of chearful reſignation;
" and my heart expands with the warm-
" eſt gratitude to that great Being who
" beſtowed ſuch faculties upon me; and
" to that kind inſtructor who formed
" them to become the bleſſings which
" He intended them. Looking up to
" *Him*, the great God of the univerſe,
" depending upon his bounty, who
" created all things, certain of his

juſtice,

" juſtice, and truſting in his mercy, can
" I, my dear ſiſter, ſink under any diſ-
" penſation of *man*, the creature of
" his hand?—can I think that I am
" *abandoned, forſaken*, becauſe my fa-
" ther has driven me from my native
" home, the dear ſcene of my infant
" days? ah no!—'The world is all be-
" fore me!' and his bounty, his pre-
" ſence, his mercy, in every part of
" it.—Did I truſt to man for ſupport,
" for conſolation, for relief in the hour
" of anguiſh and the day of trouble—
" Ah, no! for 'tis man only that in-
" flicts it.—God is kind and merciful,
" and the pains and trials which he in-
" flicts on his creatures are only the
" neceſſary means to ſhew them, that
" they were born for a higher ſtate of
" exiſtance.—Happy, bleſſed uſes of
" adver-

" adverſity; the great exciter of human
" induſtry, and the grand ſpring which
" brings our nobleſt powers into action
" —How happy, too, when to this be-
" lief we can add the chriſtian's hope!
" —when we can ſuperadd to the con-
" viction of the real bleſſing of adver-
" ſity which the wiſeſt philoſophers of
" old diſcovered and rejoiced in—the
" belief that they who mourn ſhall be
" comforted; and that they who are
" unjuſtly forſaken by every human be-
" ing, are more pitifully regarded by
" the great God of Heaven.—Can I,
" then, be miſerable?---deſpair becauſe
" my father has deſerted me?---No!---
" he has been cruel and unjuſt, there-
" fore he needs more pity than I do;
" and my prayers are more neceſſary
" for his pardon than my own offence.

 " I know

" I know of none that I have commit-
" ted which could juſtly bring this ca-
" lamity upon me; join therefore your
" prayers with mine, my deareſt ſiſter,
" that the errors which have led him
" to ſin againſt his Maker, by curſing
" and abandoning his child, may be
" forgiven him---even as I forgive
" them.

" I appealed to Lord Glendarran, and
" I gained, perhaps, much benefit from
" ſo doing; for it recalled to my mind
" the words of our dear governeſs,
" which with her parting breath ſhe re-
" peated to me:

" *Call upon your own reaſon to direct*
" *you*; for the future, I ſhall be more
" cautious how I appeal to that of
" others.

" I ſpoke not to Lady Cecilia of my
ſitu-

" ſituation, as I could not ſuppoſe her
" judgment equal to direct me; there-
" fore it would have been unjuſt and
" unneceſſary to expoſe my father.

" I had ſo little time allowed me be-
" fore I left my home, that I could not
" ſpeak to poor Phœbe, Mrs. Barker,
" or any of our kind and affectionate
" domeſtics;---however I am very glad
" that I did not, as I fear I could ill
" have borne to take leave of them.—
" Give my kindeſt love to them, and
" all the thanks I can offer, for all the
" ſervices I am indebted to them for
" performing with ſo much diligence
" and affection. Tell them to look
" forward with hope to meeting me
" again in happier days, even in this
" world; and if even we ſhould not—
" they believe that there is one beyond it.

" But I have unawares ſuffered my " pen to wander into a path which I " fear will not lead you to that ſtate of " contentment which it was the wiſh " of my heart when I ſat down to ad- " dreſs you, to endeavour to aſſiſt you " to obtain.

" Reflect, my dear ſiſter, that it will " not be long before you have a kind " protector, and a *home*.—I know it " will be mine—Our love for each " other is too ſincere, and our diſpoſi- " tions, I truſt, too diſintereſted, for " you to think it an effort of generoſity " to protect a ſiſter, or for me to heſi- " tate to accept your protection.

" I was ſomewhat alarmed by a ſug- " geſtion of Mrs. Llewellyn, that Lord " Margam would never marry you; but " it was a fear merely inſpired by my " affec-

" affection---I have the firmeſt belief
" that he has the moſt ſincere and diſ-
" intereſted love for you.---Truſt to it,
" my dear ſiſter, and let no earthly
" power induce you even to feign an
" affection for a man you deſpiſe. I
" was more ſhocked by my father's au-
" thoritative manner of declaring that
" you *ſhould marry Captain Wilſon.* It
" is a threat I ſhould ſmile at, if ad-
" dreſſed to myſelf;—but I fear the gen-
" tleneſs of your nature, the timidity
" of your diſpoſition, your father's
" cruelty, and Mrs. Llewellyn's art.—
" Oh! my Euphemia, if you value
" your own peace, if you value the hap-
" pineſs of Lord Margam,---and if you
" value the approbation of that God
" to whom only you will finally give
" an account of your actions, and who

" beſtowed upon you every faculty
" neceſſary to perform your duty
" aright,---let not any authority, how-
" ever ſacred, force you to make your-
" ſelf wretched and miſerable. The
" claims of love and reſpect from a
" child to a parent are very ſacred;
" but remember that no human being
" can have a right, in juſtice, to make
" another wretched, and deprive it of
" the uſe of its own reaſon:—Exert it,
" therefore, I beſeech you---and remem-
" ber equally the duty you owe to your
" parent, and the duty you owe to
" yourſelf.

" To apply to my father now, would
" only be to degrade myſelf, and to in-
" creaſe the violence of his anger to-
" wards me; beſides which, I might

" bring

" bring greater evil and diſtreſs upon
" you.

" Submit therefore, my dear Euphe-
" mia, to this ſeparation, which I truſt
" will only make more ſweet the happy
" meeting that I hope we ſhall ſoon
" enjoy.---I cannot bear the idea of
" going to any of my relations in the
" neighbourhood, even if they were
" people who could ſincerely pity my
" ſituation.---To be gazed at, and per-
" haps condemned by the wiſe--- to be-
" come a mark 'for the ſlow unmoving
" hand of fools to point at,' is more
" than I can ſupport. On reflection,
" nothing appears to me ſo eligible as
" to go to London immediately to my
" friend Miſs Wentworth, who, you
" know, has ſo frequently and lately
" ſolicited me to pay her a long viſit;

" and who will, I am confident, be
" happy in this opportunity of evin-
" cing her friendſhip for me, and recei-
" ving me till that happy day, when I
" can claim the protection of a ſiſter.

" I ſhall write to Mr. Wentworth
" immediately, informing him of my
" ſituation; as there is a delicacy in
" ſuch affairs which ill admits of verbal
" explanations; and I ſhould not like
" to enter his houſe without his being
" informed of it.

" I have fortunately got ten guineas
" in my purſe---The coach goes by in
" an hour, which I ſhall employ in
" writing to Mr. Wentworth; telling
" the good people here that I am wait-
" ing for it. Write to me immediately
" at his houſe; a requeſt, which, now I
" have written it, I feel to be a very

un-

" unneceſſary one.---In the hope of a
" happy and ſpeedy meeting, I ſay,
" farewell, my deareſt ſiſter!---think
" not but with love and affection of
" your

" CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN."

" When Henry and Lord Margam
" return, preſent my beſt love to them
" ---repreſent my father's behaviour
" to me in the moſt favourable light
" poſſible."——

Sealing her letter, ſhe gave it to a little boy whom ſhe engaged to carry it to Glendarran Houſe, and aſk for Miſs Euphemia Llewellyn; and, in caſe ſhe was not at home, to take it to Mrs. Barker, the houſekeeper.

The time which elapſed before the

coach arrived ſhe employed in writing to Mr. Wentworth; when it was announced, ſhe haſtily wiſhed the people of the ſhop good day; and, paying her fare, immediately got in, to eſcape obſervation.

For ſome time ſenſibility overpowered every other faculty; ſhe put her handkerchief to her face when firſt ſhe entered, and did not remove it till ſhe had travelled ſome miles; ſhe was arouſed from this reverie of grief by the coach's ſuddenly ſtopping; when ſhe obſerved a very ſmart young man, who ſat oppoſite to her; and a reſpectable looking old woman, who was on her ſide; their converſation had not reminded her that ſhe had any companions, as the poor woman conſidered Charlotte as much too fine a lady to ſpeak to;

and

and the gentleman was too much taken up in contemplating a young woman, to ſpeak to an old one—till, finding it impoſſible to remain ſilent longer, he exclaimed,

"Lord, Miſs, pray do'nt make yourſelf ſo deſperate uneaſy—it quite petrefies my heart to ſee you—do look up, pray, and don't ſpoil thoſe ſweet heavenly eyes with crying ſo." Charlotte however ſtill remained inſenſible, till, taking her hand, he fervently ſaid,

"Oh! my ſweet heavenly love, don't plunge me into deſpair by this cruel ſilence!—ſcatter thoſe dew drops from that lily-white face, and let me look, and adore!"

All her grief could ſcarcely repel the inſtantaneous impulſe of laughter which this ſpeech occaſioned, till, rather diſ-

treſſed by his gallantries, ſhe ſaid,

"Be ſo obliging, ſir, as to move a little farther."

"Oh! no not for the *Indies*, Miſs, now you open thoſe heavenly eyes," anſwered he, continuing his cordial marks of affection, to her great amazement and utter confuſion; as ſhe neither knew how to repulſe him, or to endure impertinence ſo diſtreſſing to her delicacy: had he been a gentleman, perhaps the hint ſhe did give him might have been a ſufficient rebuke; but as unfortunately many *gentlemen* travel in ſtage coaches, who have no more delicacy or ſenſibility of propriety than Charlotte Llewellyn's companion, it would be well if thoſe who aſpire to the title, would conſider when they travel in ſtage coaches, that there may be *gentlewomen* as humble as them-

themſelves; and that it is as part of their *honour*, of which they boaſt ſo much, to conſider every woman they meet *as one*, till they find to the contrary. If neither their principles nor their humanity inclines them to do ſo;—and if nothing elſe can induce them to honour the ſex, which they pretend to protect, let them think of their wives or ſiſters.

Nothing material occurred in the journey. Charlotte Llewellyn got out of the coach at the inn where it ſtopped in London; and aſking advice how ſhe could ſend a letter to Mr. Wentworth's houſe in Portland Place, immediately ſat down to eat her breakfaſt, which ſhe did, with cheerfulneſs and gratitude.

She now recollected, for the firſt time that it had given her ſerious concern,

cern, that ſhe had no other dreſs with her than that ſhe had on. She had not mentioned it to her ſiſter; however ſhe felt aſſured that ſhe would, of courſe, ſend her apparel to Mr. Wentworth's houſe; being only concerned that ſhe ſhould be obliged to enter it, in a dreſs not very proper, after having croſſed the new paſſage, and travelled in a ſtage coach all night.

After waiting ſome time till ſhe began to be ſurpriſed that her friend did not arrive, ſhe was relieved by the entrance of the landlord, enquiring if ſhe was Miſs Llewellyn, followed by a ſervant in a rich livery, who delivered to her the following letters: the firſt ſhe opened was from Mr. Wentworth, beginning as might be expected from a man of reputed ſenſe and humanity;

the

the legality of whoſe title to thoſe epithets will be clearly ſhewn in the next chapter.

CHAP

CHAP. XV.

" Men can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
" Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
" Their counſel turns to paſſion; which before
" Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
" Fetter ſtrong madneſs with a ſilken thread,
" Charm ach with air, and agony with words."

SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Wentworth to Miſs Llewellyn,

Portland Place,
Sep. 1, 1790.

" MADAM,

" I AM moſt ſincerely ſorry to hear
" of your ſituation, and heartily hope
" that your proſpects may very ſpeedily
" brighten; and that you may regain

" that

" that ſtate of happineſs and independ-
" ance in which you lately ſhone with
" ſuch ſuperior luſtre.

" I am extremely concerned that pro-
" priety prevents my daughter from hav-
" ing the honour and pleaſure of your
" company at this time.

" There is a reſpect due to appear-
" ances, which no perſon in the world
" can diſregard, without injuring their
" reputation.

" It is my opinion that you have been
" very cruelly treated; but the world
" will not be ſo ready to believe this as
" I am.—My daughter is a young wo-
" man of ſome little conſequence in it;
" and it is utterly impoſſible that ſhe
" can, with prudence and propriety,
" receive a young lady who has been

" turned

" turned out of doors, and run away
" from her friends.

" Mr. Llewellyn is perfectly the gen-
" tleman, of great reſpectability; a man
" very well known in the world, and of
" unimpeached integrity.—I am ex-
" tremely ſorry, madam, for your ſepa-
" ration from his protection, and beg
" to remain with unfeigned reſpect,
" Madam,

" your very faithful,
" and obedient
" humble ſervant,
" THOS. WENTWORTH."

" If, madam, I might preſume to ad-
" viſe you, it ſhould be to return imme-
" diately to your father, with whom, I
" ſhould apprehend, on your exerting
" your own good ſenſe to make proper
" con-

" conceſſions, and conduct the matter
" properly, a reconciliation might be
" very eaſily effected."

The dignity of virtue, and a deteſtation of mankind, ſuſpended the tears of Charlotte Llewellyn whilſt ſhe read this polite epiſtle: ſhe opened Miſs Wentworth's with a mind prepared to expect nothing from any human being, and read as follows:

" My DEAR MISS LLEWELLYN,
" Grief, ſhame, and diſtreſs almoſt
" prevent me from addreſſing you; for
" alas! how am I to evince to you the ſin-
" cerity of my regard and affection, when
" I am deprived of the means of giving
" you any proof of the reality of my
" aſſertions? My father's ideas on this
" ſad

" ſad occaſion, are ſo contrary to my
" own, that I am obliged to condemn
" them in order to do juſtice to myſelf.
" But how, how, my dear Charlotte,
" can I expect you to believe me ſin-
" cere, when I ſay how happy, how
" truly happy I ſhould conſider myſelf,
" if I poſſeſſed the power to ſerve you,
" and to ſtrive to alleviate your diſtreſſes
" in the manner I could wiſh?

" Indeed I fear you will include me in
" the contempt which my father's pre-
" judices muſt neceſſarily create in your
" juſt and comprehenſive mind, if he
" writes as he ſpeaks concerning your
" moſt unhappy ſituation.

" I cannot write, my dear and amia-
" ble Charlotte; I only intreat you
" to let me hear from you; and that

" you

" you are ſo generous as ſtill to believe
" me moſt ſincerely your friend.]

" You know that I am not my own
" miſtreſs, or happy enough now to poſ-
" ſeſs a fortune; would to heaven that I
" did!

" All that I can think of in my pre-
" ſent diſtreſs and confuſion is, to write
" to my friend, Lady Jane Coutts,
" whom you ſo often heard me mention
" in the happy days we ſpent together
" at Glendarran; ſhe is ſo fortunate as
" to have an immenſe fortune in her
" own power—take a coach and go to
" her inſtantly. I believe ſhe would be
" happy to oblige me, and ſhe muſt re-
" joice in ſuch an opportunity of afford-
" ing protection to virtue and merit; ſo
" unjuſtly and cruelly oppreſſed. I can-
" not add one word more, than to re-

" peat

" peat my moſt fervent requeſt that
" you will conſider me ever
" your ſincerely
" affectionate friend,
LOUISA WENTWORTH."

Charlotte detained the ſervant whilſt ſhe wrote a few lines, containing the aſſurance of her unbounded confidence in the ſincerity of Miſs Wentworth; and ſuch thanks for her affectionate and unvarying attachment as it deſerved; concluding with expreſſions of obligation for the proofs ſhe gave of it in the letter to Lady Jane Coutts, which Miſs Wentworth left open for her peruſal, and which we will tranſcribe, that our readers may form a juſt eſtimate of the propriety of her ladyſhip's polite and humane reception of Miſs Llewellyn.

" My

" My DEAR LADY JANE,

" Miſs Llewellyn, a very intimate " friend of mine, whom you have ſo often " heard me mention as being beloved " and reſpected in the higheſt degree " by all who have the honour of know- " ing her, is now in a very peculiar and " delicate ſituation; as her father, on " her refuſing to marry a man ſhe de- " ſpiſed, has diſcarded her from his " houſe.

" Her ſiſter will ſoon be married, " when ſhe will have a happy eſtabliſh- " ment once more.

" My father, who you know poſſeſſes " very peculiar ſentiments, prevents me " from having the happineſs of receiv- " ing her till then; I therefore take the " liberty of introducing Miſs Llewel-

" lyn

" lyn to you, knowing that your houſe
" is the ſeat of hoſpitality and pleaſure;
" and that you are ſo happy as to be able
" to do what your heart inclines you to.
" Repeating an apology for the liberty
" I am taking, which at the ſame time
" proves the opinion I have of your be-
" nevolence, believe me

" yours ſincerely,

" LOUISA WENTWORTH."

Charlotte ſealed this, ordered a coach, and left the inn, contemplating the inſolent and contemptible wiſdom of adviſers; the genuine goodneſs of her friend Louiſa Wentworth; and the pleaſure it muſt afford a woman of affluence and benevolence, to relieve an innocent being in diſtreſs.

When Charlotte Llewellyn arrived at

the ſuperb houſe of Lady Jane Coutts, ſhe ſent in her name with the letter of Miſs Wentworth, and after waiting a conſiderable time, had the diſappointment of hearing that her ladyſhip was not at home. Charlotte concluding that ſhe was not out of town, or her friend would have known it probably, could only reſolve to return to her inn, and patiently wait till the next day. Accordingly, as was uſual with her, ſhe reſigned herſelf to her ſituation; employed her time in writing to her ſiſter, and endeavoured to increaſe her portion of that fortitude which ſhe found hourly freſh occaſion to exert.

The next morning ſhe got into a hackney coach once more, and drove to Arlington Street, where ſhe had the pleaſure to hear that Lady Jane Coutts was

at home; Charlotte was immediately uſhered into a magnificent apartment, where ſhe found her ladyſhip reclining upon a ſopha.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

" What vain, vexatious, uſeleſs things I've ſeen,
" And fit for nothing but to move one's ſpleen."

LADY Jane Coutts, with all the eaſe and elegance peculiar to women of faſhion of the preſent day, without moving, addreſſed Miſs Llewellyn,

" Oh—I ſuppoſe you are the perſon who has been turned out of doors!"

" Madam!" ſaid Charlotte.

" I believe," continued Lady Jane Coutts, " you are the lady Miſs Wentworth wrote to me about yeſterday."

"My name is Llewellyn ma'am," ſaid Charl tte : in whom the ſpirit of all her anceſtors ſeemed at that moment to breathe.

" Humph, "anſwered her ladyſhip— " I am really ſurprized that Miſs Wentworth ſhould write to me on ſuch an occaſion; ſhe muſt know that my houſe is continually full, and really if one was to take in all *gentlewomen in diſtreſs*, one might as well keep an hoſpital at once!"

" Good morning to you, ma'am," ſaid Charlotte, with an air which might have given Lady Jane ſome idea of the manners of a gentlewoman, if ſhe had poſſeſſed any capabilities of underſtanding the character; which ſhe proved ſhe did not, by continuing,—

" I ſhould be extremely happy to ſerve my friend Miſs Wentworth;—nobody

body, I believe, is more ready to ſerve their friends than I am—therefore if a trifle will be of any ſervice to you, I am very willing to ſhew my reſpect to her by giving it you—but really one is ſo peſtered with people in diſtreſs, that if one was made of money, one ſhould ſoon be ruined"—ſaying which, ſhe drew forth her purſe, and was going *to beſtow her charity*, when Charlotte exclaimed,

"Pray, ma'am, keep your money for ſome more unfortunate perſon, whoſe wretchedneſs may force them to ſubmit to your relief:— I do aſſure you that I deſpiſe you too heartily, to be under the ſmalleſt obligation to you."—

Her ladyſhip burſt into a fit of laughter; calling out,—"Who waits!—ſhew this *lady* down ſtairs."—

Which orders were very ſpeedily obeyed, as they met with no oppoſition from Charlotte Llewellyn, who then, only hoped, never again to ſee ſuch a being as Lady Jane Coutts.

Deprived of every hope of aſſiſtance from thoſe whoſe fortune and ſituation enabled them to afford ſuch as would have been moſt proper for her to receive, Charlotte returned to her inn, and began to conſider how ſhe could preſerve herſelf from actual diſtreſs, till ſhe ſhould hear from her ſiſter.—She now recollected that the houſekeeper, who had lived at Glendarran ever ſince her mother died, had a brother who lived in Foſter Lane. She determined to go immediately to him; and felt ſome aſſurance, notwithſtanding her former diſappointments, that Mrs. Barker's brother would be

be pleaſed to ſee her. Accordingly ſhe paid her bill, ordered a coach and exchanged her laſt guinea to pay for it. After ſome little difficulty, ſhe found Mr. Barker's houſe. He was deeply engaged in buſineſs; but on her announcing her name, he received her with that cordiality and reſpect which is beſt entitled to the term of politeneſs; and expreſſed that real pleaſure in ſeeing her, which his knowledge of her character, gratitude for her kindneſs to his ſiſter, and the benevolence of his own heart, mutually created.

So gratifying a reception ſoon induced Charlotte to inform him minutely of her ſituation, and ſhe experienced the higheſt conſolation ſhe had ever received from a fellow-creature, in the pity and com-

miſeration of this generous, humane man.

Mr. Barker not only inſiſted upon being her banker, but on her uſing his purſe to procure herſelf every thing which could poſſibly contribute to her comfort or pleaſure, whilſt ſhe was in a ſituation ſo unworthy of her.—She gave him ſuch thanks as only equal generoſity knows how to offer, and did not heſitate to accept an apartment in his houſe;—though he much wiſhed her to permit him to procure her lodgings at the other end of the town—Charlotte Llewellyn, was much too generous to avail herſelf farther of his liberality than was abſolutely neceſſary; and much too wiſe to think an elegant room in Weſtminſter, preferable to a good man's parlour in Foſter Lane. She wrote to Miſs Went-

worth,

worth, and repreſented the behaviour of her friend in the moſt favourable manner poſſible; as ſhe imagined how much pain it muſt give a delicate and ſuſceptible mind, to have expoſed a perſon in diſtreſs, however innocently, to inſult and inſenſibility. She begged her to ſend all the letters which might arrive to her preſent ſituation; the comforts of which ſhe related with all the enthuſiaſm of ſenſibility, and all the reality of truth.

In this ſituation we muſt, for the preſent, leave her, to relate the occurrences at Glendarran after ſhe quitted it.

CHAP. XVII.

" But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
" Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
" Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE little boy who was entruſted with the letter to Euphemia Llewellyn, was met by her cautious *mother*; who, after accoſting the boy, learning his buſineſs, receiving the letter, and diſmiſſing him, very carefully read, and deſtroyed it.

Mr. Llewellyn, who was in all re-

ſpects informed by his experienced dame how to act, had ſo much cauſe to approve her opinions, and revere her judgment from the ſucceſs of her plans, that he readily acquieſced in them all.

Captain Wilſon declared himſelf quite charmed, and really in love with Euphemia; therefore merely deſired that the marriage might be concluded immediately, as he was very anxious to depart for Ireland; where his ſmall paternal eſtate, which he had long ſince loſt, lay.—A part of it being now to be ſold, he privately intended, from what he called a laudable attachment to his native land, to re-purchaſe it—providentially recollecting that Ireland was a cheap place, and that a ſeat in the north might prove a very pretty ſnug retreat for his wife.

Mr. Llewellyn declared his readineſs;

and on his ſaying "that the ſooner it was concluded, the better," perfectly acquieſced with him; adding, "I don't ſee why to-morrow is not as good a day as any other."—The propoſal was conſidered an admirable one by all but thoſe, who were not conſulted. The licence was ſent for—and Mr. Llewellyn wrote to a clergyman, with whoſe character he was well acquainted, deſiring him to ſupply the place of the Rector of his own pariſh, who was at that time ill. It was ſoon finally ſettled between the contracting parties, that on the following day Captain Wilſon ſhould receive her hand, and Euphemia vow everlaſting love and obedience to him; whilſt he received the title to a large portion of her fortune immediately.

The oppoſition which Mr. Llewellyn had

had met with from one daughter, ſerved only to increaſe the violence and injuſtice of his determinations concerning another. Being, moreover, nearly, and, as he conſidered, abſolutely compelled to oblige Euphemia to marry Captain Wilſon, he reſolved that no oppoſition on her part ſhould have any effect—he knew the gentleneſs of her diſpoſition, which induced him ſcarcely to fear any. Captain Wilſon, by the advice of Mrs. Llewellyn, ſpent that evening away from Glendarran Houſe, to which Miſs Gunnings returned with Euphemia after tea.

As ſoon as ſhe came home, Mr. Llewellyn told her that he wiſhed to ſpeak to her; on which Mrs. Llewellyn politely leaving the room,

"I ſuppoſe, Euphemia," ſaid he,

"you

" you are acquainted with my intentions concerning you and Captain Wilſon ?"—

" Sir," ſaid ſhe, in utter aſtoniſhment—

" I ſuppoſe," continued he, " that you know that my friend Captain Wilſon is the man I have ſelected for your huſband ? "

" I am much obliged to you, ſir," replied ſhe; " but I hope ſoon to have brighter proſpects to inform you of."—

" What, girl," retorted her father, " have you the vanity to look up to Lord Margam ?—Never let me hear his name mentioned again, I charge you—never ſuppoſe, that even if his affection for you did amount to wiſhing to make make you his wife, that I could ſuffer a daughter of mine to enter a family where ſhe would be deſpiſed—I know Lord Glen-

Glendarran's views for his ſon, and his opinion of you."—

"You muſt ſurely, ſir, be miſtaken," ſaid Euphemia, with her uſual mildneſs, "in your information—Lord Glendarran has been informed by his ſon of his attachment to me, and does not oppoſe it—he was merely prevented by his unexpected journey from making it known to you properly."

"Come, come, Miſs, none of your love ditties to me," cried her father—"don't ſuppoſe that I am to be deprived of the uſe of my reaſon by a whining, love-ſick boy—though unfortunately you have—I have neglected the duty of a father too long, and ought ſooner to have exerted my authority—but it is not yet too late—nor, after I have ſhewed you the path

of

of duty and intereſt, to make you purſue it."

—Mrs. Llewellyn at that moment reentered the room, to whom Euphemia, in tears, ſaid,

" Oh! ma'am, pray where is my ſiſter?"

" Enjoying the fruits of her diſobedience," replied ſhe.

" Where, dear ma'am—what do you mean?" aſked Euphemia, whoſe heart foreboded ſomething dreadful, from her manner of ſpeaking—

" Why ſhe's gone to beg her bread! —to drink the bitter cup of repentance! —to feel the effects of folly and diſobedience," exclaimed Mr. Llewellyn; adding,—" as you ſhall do, madam, if I meet with any oppoſition to my will— But I ſhall not treat you with the ſame lenity

lenity that I did her; ſince I ſee that people are not proper judges of their own happineſs, and bring nothing but ruin upon themſelves, and diſgrace upon their families, when they are permitted to act for themſelves—therefore prepare, madam, to-morrow morning, to become the wife of Captain Wilſon, for by—— no earthly power ſhall prevent you!"

"Euphemia involuntarily dropped on her knees, and lifted up her hands in ſpeechleſs agony—Mr. Llewellyn haſtily paſſed by her, and without ſaying another word, or noticing her expreſſive ſupplication for mercy, walked out of the room.—

Nature was too feeble to ſupport ſuch emotions—Euphemia fainted; but did not remain long in that ſtate of happy inſenſibility—ſhe exerted her returning reaſon

reaſon in calling upon her ſiſter and Lord Margam; totally inattentive to, and perhaps unconſcious of, the officious aid of Mrs. Llewellyn; till ſhe at length ſaid "You had better not ſpend your breath, my dear, in calling to people who are hundreds of miles off."

——"Miles!—oh heavens! where is Charlotte?" exclaimed Euphemia, in an agony of grief and horror.

"Turned out of doors, Miſs, by her father, this morning, as ſhe richly deſerved, and as I would have treated a child of mine, who had behaved in the vile, wicked, undutiful manner ſhe did!" replied Mrs. Llewellyn.

"But oh!—where is ſhe?—only tell me where ſhe is!" again aſked her wretched ſiſter; to which Mrs. Llewellyn very calmly anſwered,

"That's

" That's impoſſible for me to ſay—walking the ſtreets in London, moſt likely—or ſoon will be; for ſhe went there this morning."

" Oh my God preſerve me!" fervently ejaculated Euphemia, going to relapſe into her ſtate of inſenſibility, till the idea of her ſiſter brought a flood of tears, and ſhe continued—" Oh! Charlotte, my dear ſiſter, how could you deſert me!—but no, it cannot be!—ſhe never could forſake me!—oh ſhe is loſt!—miſerable!—where is Lord Margam—let me be married to him this moment, that I may fly to ſave Charlotte from ruin and deſtruction!—Turned out of doors!—it cannot be!——"

" I'm ſorry, ma'am, that you ſhould doubt my words," ſaid Mrs. Llewellyn; " but I repeat, that *ſhe is turned out of doors*

doors—and no entreaties of mine, I am confident, can ever prevail upon Mr. Llewellyn to ſee her again—which he has vowed that he never will do whilſt he lives.—As to Lord Margam, perhaps you forget that he is in Scotland—and your brother too."——

"Oh they are!—indeed they are," exclaimed ſhe—"Oh, my dear Henry, why are you not here to ſave me?—and oh! Lord Margam, *why are you not here!*"

"Becauſe, my dear, he's gone to marry Miſs Norfolk," replied Mrs. Llewellyn, with all the coolneſs imaginable.

"*Can it be!*" calmly repeated Euphemia.

"I am ſorry that you doubt me ſo much," continued her informant; "that what

what I ſay can obtain no belief from you, ma'am—Lord Glendarran always intended his ſon to marry Miſs Norfolk—it has been a match concluded upon ever ſince they were infants—You muſt have heard of it; and if your eyes had not been wilfully blinded, you might have ſeen that his journey to Scotland was all a mere pretence—I dare ſay we ſhall ſee his wedding in the papers to-morrow!"

"Oh my God!" piouſly exclaimed Euphemia—and "Oh Charlotte! will not you ſupport me in this hour!"

"Pretty well if ſhe can ſupport herſelf," anſwered her comforter.—"Perhaps you forget that ſhe is a beggar—deſtitute of houſe and home?"—

"Oh! let me fly to her, and relieve her," cried Euphemia.

"And pray, how are you to relieve her?"

her?" aſked Mrs. Llewellyn—" pray, ma'am, where is your home, your riches, your power to relieve her?"

" I have none—none!—" articulated ſhe.

" Then, ma'am," retorted Mrs. Llewellyn, " I think you had better accept the protection of ſuch a worthy, good man as your father chuſes for your huſband."—

" Where is he?" exclaimed Euphemia—" Let me marry him!—let me do any thing rather then live to ſee my ſiſter wretched——and oh!—Lord Margam married!—"

She could ſay no more. Mrs. Llewellyn kiſſed her, and ſaid, " never mind, my dear,—dry your tears—you will be happy yet, in ſpight of his treachery—and conſider how ſoon you will have

have it in your power to protect and comfort your ſiſter.—"

" —Yes! I will do any thing," ſhe faintly added.

" I think you had better go to-bed, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Llewellyn.

Euphemia inſtantly moved, and ſhe aſſiſted her to walk up ſtairs; moſt kindly performed the office of Phœbe, not permitting her to be called; and even ſat by her bed till ſhe ſaw that ſhe was in a perfect ſtate of compoſure; or rather in that ſtate of ſtupefaction, which ſucceeds violent emotions of the ſoul, when its powers are exhauſted by the influence of leſſer griefs than had agitated the gentle frame of Euphemia Llewellyn.

Mrs. Llewellyn, when ſhe imagined her to be *aſleep*, repaired in triumph to her huſband, to repeat the ſucceſs of her

her *reaſonings*, and the *conſent* of Euphemia; adding—" you ſee, Mr. Llewellyn, that I was right;—I told you how eaſy it was to make her renounce Lord Margam.—Mr. Llewellyn gave her due praiſe for her penetration and exquiſite knowledge.

They were ſoon joined by Captain Wilſon, to whom ſhe related the obedience of Euphemia; adding, " you muſt not be ſurpriſed if ſhe expreſſes ſome reluctance; as you muſt recollect how ſhort a time it is ſince ſhe fancied herſelf engaged to Lord Margam—Theſe little attachments cannot be immediately got over—you know girls always think that they muſt not eaſily forget their firſt love."——

Oh pray don't diſtreſs yourſelf on that account," replied the generous Captain;

" I

"I ſhall allow a great deal for the romantic effuſion of a youthful mind—and particularly of ſo gentle and amiable a one as Miſs Euphemia's, which I believe is naturally prone to love;—therefore depend upon it, Mr. Llewellyn," addreſſing himſelf to him, "I ſhall never treat your daughter ill, or upbraid her for any affection ſhe may entertain for this young man. She happened to know him before ſhe ſaw me, and it would be very ungenerous not to allow for firſt prejudices—when I have given her ſuch convincing proofs of my love and affection as I have hitherto had no opportunity of doing—conſidering which, and her previous attachment, it is not probable that ſhe can have at preſent any very great regard for me——I believe, Mr. Llewellyn, you will have little oc-

caſion to complain of her want of affection for me;"—adding with a ſmile,—"as I apprehend it is no herculean labour to gain the heart of a woman."

Mrs. Llewellyn played off a few of her witticiſms on the Captain for his impertinence; and they ſpent the remainder of the evening in great gaiety and good humour.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

" ———Being that ſhe flows in grief,
" The ſmalleſt twine may lead her."
SHAKESPEARE.

REFLECTION only ſerved to increaſe the miſeries of Euphemia Llewellyn; the only ſpark of comfort which appeared to her as exiſting in this world was the idea of relieving her ſiſter.

The image of Lord Margam was accompanied by more dreadful thoughts than reaſon could have examined without annihilating its powers—Nature ſhrunk from it; and ſenſibility, too great to contemplate, ſtrove to baniſh what it conſtantly preſented.

She was unconſcious, becauſe totally incapable herſelf of imagining that there could be deceit in a human heart ſo great, as the falſity of Mrs. Llewellyn's aſſertions muſt have proved. Her reaſon durſt not examine them, even if her ſuſpicion had permitted her. She only felt certain that Lord Margam *was in Scotland—Miſs Norfolk did live there*, and that ſhe herſelf was *wretched paſt all hope of relief*. Poſſeſſing a temper and diſpoſition which diſpoſed her to think well of every body, and deſtitute of that acute penetration into character which ſome few poſſeſs, but which ever requires much knowledge of the world, and much candour to enable its poſſeſſors to exert it with ſafety, ſhe was totally unſuſpicious of the real character of Mrs. Llewellyn; and even felt a momentary

effuſion

effuſion of gratitude when ſhe entered her room the next morning, and with infinite kindneſs inquired after her health, with all the ſolicitude of maternal affection. Euphemia was, however, only able to thank her, in anſwer to her inquiries, by ſaying that ſhe would riſe immediately. Mrs. Llewellyn inſiſted upon helping her to do ſo, and never quitted her, till ſhe was ſeated in the breakfaſt room. Mr. Llewellyn entered, and ſpoke to his daughter with much leſs aſperity than his voice generally evinced; and rather more kindneſs than was natural to him. Her pale countenance aſſumed a more deadly white when he addreſſed her; till, on the entrance of Captain Wilſon, a ſuffuſion of crimſon inſtantaneouſly ſupplied its place. She returned his inquires with an emo-

tion of horror which ſhe could not ſuppreſs, and evinced the ſubmiſſion of perfect deſpair when he took her hand, and leading her to the breakfaſt table, invited her to take ſome coffee. She attempted to follow his advice, but nature refuſed ſuch aſſiſtance—She neither ſpoke nor moved; till Mr. Llewellyn, having finiſhed his own breakfaſt, and ſeeing the coach, which he had ordered, drive round, ſaid,

"Come, Euphemia, we are all ready —Mrs. Llewellyn, I believe you are?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Euphemia "I cannot marry him; *indeed I cannot!*"

"Then, madam," ſaid her father, "walk out of my houſe this inſtant!—become a beggar, a wanderer on the face of the earth—follow your proud, diſobedient ſiſter, and purſue poverty and infamy,

infamy, till you return to beg at my door the morſel of bread which I will refuſe you."

"Oh! I am loſt—for ever loſt!" ſaid Euphemia, in a low and ſolemn tone—"and my ſiſter is loſt too, unleſs I can afford her relief—*and I have none*!—Oh! take me this inſtant—I will marry any body—do any thing—what does it ſignify?—Yes, I am ready, *very ready!*" added ſhe with a ghaſtly ſmile.

Her father handed her to the carriage; and nothing interrupted the profound ſilence which they, who *could ſpeak*, thought proper to preſerve, till they arrived at the village church—when Euphemia fainted—but their efforts ſoon reſtored her—She made no farther oppoſition to the ceremony—and in a few

minutes became, *legally* and irrevocably,

The wife of Captain Wilſon.

Humanity ſhudders at the picture—and ſome may hope that it is merely drawn by fancy's pencil—Look in the world, amongſt the great, the gay, the *admired*, ye amiable ſceptics!—There behold the originals of ſuch a faint copy. We truſt, indeed, that they are few—but while a human being exiſts, fluttering in the vortex of faſhion, and uſurping the privilege of virtue, who has inflicted ſuch miſery on another, "let them be branded for the public ſcorn"—And however

"Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with "ſtrings,"

tell them, that they who have uſurped the vicegerency of Heaven, are in the rank

rank of the vileſt of its creatures.—And you fathers and mothers, who have thus dared to deprive your children of the rational exerciſe of their own reaſon, and inflicted miſery on them for ever in this world, know that juſtice reigns ſupreme —and that you ſhall be called into judgment!

CHAP. XIX.

" Children owe much, I muſt confeſs 'tis true,
" And a great debt is to the *parents* due;
" Yet if they have not ſo much pow'r to crave,
" But in their own defence, the life they gave,
" How much leſs, then, ſhould they become ſo cruel
" As to take from them the high-priz'd jewel
" Of liberty in choice, whereon depends
" The main contentment that Heaven here lends?"

WITHER.

SENSIBILITY ſhrinks from the taſk of purſuing the unfortunate victim of parental authority through all the miſeries which were impoſed upon her. The heart glowing with benevolence almoſt wiſhes to remain in ignorance of ſuch ſuf-

ſufferings as admit of no earthly alleviation; let us, therefore, draw a veil over the ſituation of our lovely, innocent, *beloved* bride, and meerly inform our readers, that ſhe was ſoon informed by her huſband, that her ſiſter would not be permitted to reſide with him; and that ſhe muſt prepare to accompany him to Ireland immediately. All the indulgence ſhe could obtain was for her maid Phœbe to attend her. In a few hours after ſhe became a wife ſhe quitted Glendarran—and in miſery too bitter to expreſs, and too great to afford any hope of redreſs, we muſt leave her, in the protection of that huſband to whom a father reſigned her, whom the laws of a free country compelled her for ever to love, honour and obey; and whoſe cuſtoms obliged her to live with him.

Mrs. Llewellyn, after writing a letter to Miſs Gunnings, and informing Lord Glendarran of the events of the morning, ſet out with her huſband immediately for London. Their letters did not reach the caſtle till they were a few ſtages on their journey.

Miſs Gunnings related the events of the preceding day with wonderful ſurpriſe to Lady Cecilia as deſcribed by her mother. Her Ladyſhip went into a fit of rage, which, as nothing could have appeaſed, Miſs Gunnings wiſely permitted to blaze, hoping that its fury would naturally extinguiſh itſelf. She ordered her carriage inſtantly, and drove to Glendarran Houſe, which was then occupied by the uſual domeſtics.

It was in vain that ſhe inquired of them where Charlotte was—they had not

the

the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion even of her ſituation, excepting what they had gleaned that morning from Euphemia's exclamations to Phœbe when ſhe came from church, which was a circumſtance as myſterious to them. All that they knew, was, that a large trunk was packed up, by the commands and aſſiſtance of Mrs. Llewellyn; that ſhe informed Phœbe, that ſhe was to attend Mrs. Wilſon in future, and prepare immediately to go with her to Ireland; that in a ſhort time after they departed, which *Miſs Euphemia* did, without ſpeaking to any of the ſervants. Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn ſet out for London, telling them that they would ſoon hear from them, but that they expected to be at Glendarran again in a very ſhort time.

In the firſt moments of her diſtreſs

Lady

Lady Cecilia wrote to her brother, and informed him of the whole affair, exactly as her own imagination repreſented it, deſiring him and Henry Llewellyn to return immediately.

Deteſting the ſight of the Miſs Gunnings for the cruelty which ſhe believed their mother muſt have been guilty of towards the Miſs Llewellyns, whom ſhe really loved very ſincerely, (and was not the leſs fervent in her love of, from her opinion of their brother,) ſhe confined herſelf to her own room, and declared that nothing ſhould make her quit it till ſhe either heard ſome intelligence of Charlotte, or ſaw her brother. Buſineſs called Lord Glendarran to London; and Lady Cecilia moved down ſtairs with real pleaſure to receive his bleſſing. He ſaid much of the importence of the buſineſs

ſineſs which called him away, but hoped that he ſhould be able to be down again before her birth day, which was now only a fortnight diſtant.

On the ſixth day from that on which the unfortunate Euphemia became the wife of Captain Wilſon, Lady Cecilia received from Mrs. Barker, the houſekeeper at Glendarran Houſe, the following letter from Charlotte;

London, Foſter Lane;
Sep. 4th, 1790.

" My dear Mrs. Barker,

" This morning my mind received " the greateſt ſhock which any earthly " event can give, in a letter Miſs Went- " worth ſent me, which came from Mrs. " Llewellyn, dated London, containing " an account of the marriage of Euphe- " mia with Captain Wilſon.

" It

" It is too unneceſſary a ſubject now
" to inform you how I came to be under
" the protection of your good brother:
" and that I am indebted to him for
" preſerving me from poverty and mi-
" ſery. I ſhall quit this kingdom imme-
" diately. Your brother, with a ge-
" neroſity ſuperior to what I ever diſco-
" vered in any fellow mortal, and a
" kindneſs which does honour to hu-
" man nature, offers me every pecu-
" niary aſſiſtance; which I am obliged
" to avail myſelf of, as I am reſolved
" to go to Ireland; where I underſtand
" my dear, unfortunate ſiſter is to ſpend
" the remainder of her wretched days.
" Though it may be impoſſible for me
" to alleviate her ſorrows, I ſhall at leaſt
" devote my future exiſtence to an en-
" deavour to do ſo—My pen fails—*I*

" *cannot*

" *cannot write*—grief overpowers me—
" I can only add, that my ſincere eſteem
" and good wiſhes are yours,
" CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN.

Lady Cecilia joined very heartily in Mrs. Barker's tears when ſhe had finiſhed reading this, and informed her that ſhe would write to Charlotte immediately, which ſhe accordingly did.

" MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.
" It's impoſſible to deſcribe what I feel
" for you. If your brother was but here
" to adviſe me, I would order the carri-
" age this very moment, and ſet off for
" town, to bring you here, that you
" might receive all the happineſs which
" my houſe and fortune could give you —
" But oh, poor dear Euphemia—and
" Lord

" Lord Margam, what will he ſay!—
" I never will believe that ſhe was mar-
" ried with her own conſent, in ſpite of
" all Mrs. Llewellyn ſays to her daugh-
" ters—I'll never believe but ſhe's a de-
" veliſh, diabolical woman; or that
" deteſtable brute your father, could
" never have turned you out of doors,
" all in a moment, for nothing in the
" world—I thought there would come
" no good of their marriage when I came
" to conſider about it—I hate that little
" vile devil, Captain Wilſon; and I'm
" ſure Euphemia never could love him
" —nothing on earth ſhall ever make
" me believe it; and if I was a man I
" would go and blow his brains out
" this very moment if he really did
" marry her without her own conſent,
" *and I'm ſure he did.* Don't go after
" them,

" them, my dear Charlotte, for hea-
" ven's ſake; for perhaps he may mur-
" der you!—you know what a ſhock-
" ing place that Ireland is!—Beſides, I
" dare ſay he could not afford to let
" you live with them—and I have great
" hopes that we may ſomehow get poor
" Euphemia away from him yet—Do
" ſtay, however, my deareſt Charlotte,
" till your brother comes; and then all
" will be right—I expect him every
" moment. Accept, in the mean time,
" the incloſed, and if your preſent lodg-
" ings are not quite agreeable to you,
" go immediately to the Duke's houſe
" in Pall Mall, and tell my aunt and my
" couſins of all the wickedneſs of your
" father to you—my aunt is a very good
" woman, though a little queer—but I
" am ſure any body that knew your

" ſitu-

" ſituation would be ready to do any
" thing in the world to ſerve you—My
" couſins are all in town, and they are
" as good ſort of creatures as ever ex-
" iſted; ſo pray do go to them inſtantly.
" Give my love to them, and tell them
" all about it; for I am ſure they will
" be very glad to ſee you, and you will
" be very comfortable there, as it's im-
" poſſible for you to be merry.

" Adieu, my deareſt Charlotte;

" believe me

" everlaſtingly yours,

" CECILIA MARGAM."

" P. S. Mrs. Llewellyn mentions that
" your father turned you out of doors
" for your *undutiful, ungrateful, inſolent*
" *behaviour*, but does not accuſe you of
" any thing; only ſays, that you per-

" ſiſted

" ſiſted in refuſing to marry Lord Oak-
" ley—If that was all, it was a fine rea-
" ſon, indeed, for turning you out of
" doors, and ſending you in a ſtage
" coach to London.

" If you were ever ſo inſolent, it was
" what he richly deſerved, for pretend-
" ing to force you to marry ſuch a fool
" as that—I really believe fathers begin
" to think it is undutiful for their daugh-
" ters to do any thing but what ſuits
" their fancies and convenience—I only
" wiſh my father was to dictate and
" controul me in that manner—but he
" knows that I never would ſubmit to
" ſuch unnatural authority; therefore
" it's in vain to begin now: beſides,
" when a daughter has got a fortune of
" her own, a father never thinks of ſuch
" a thing—and I do believe that was

" my

" my poor mother's reaſon for leaving
" me the Glendarran eſtate, which you
" know her father left to her; for I've
" heard that her friends perſuaded her
" to marry my father, and that ſhe ne-
" ver really in her heart cared a farthing
" about him—So, thank heaven—next
" month—and dear ſix thouſand a year!
" —Oh that you may be here!—and
" that we may hear ſomething of poor,
" dear Euphemia. Adieu. Write in-
" ſtantly."

Not long after ſhe had finiſhed this, Henry Llewellyn was announced; but his diſtreſs was too viſible for even Lady Cecilia to rejoice at his appearance. She inquired after her brother, and learnt that he was in Scotland. On her intreating him to ſpeak to her without reſerve,

he

he informed her that Lord Margam had made a reſolution never to quit it, as he could not endure the ſight of Glendarran, or any of thoſe perſons whom he believed had deſtroyed all the ſchemes of happineſs which he had formed there, and his peace of mind for ever.

Lady Cecilia joined her ſincere lamentations with Henry Llewellyn's, and informing him of the ſituation of his ſiſter Charlotte, aſked him what he meant to do.

"I ſhall write to her immediately," ſaid he.

"What! won't you go to her, and bring her down here inſtantly?" aſked ſhe, in ſurpriſe.

"No; I muſt go another road."

"Where! where!" aſked ſhe, emphatically.

" I cannot anſwer you that immediately," ſaid he, ſmiling.

" Oh, Henry!" exclaimed ſhe, burſting into tears, " you are going to ſhoot that horrid Captain Wilſon, I know very well—and, to be ſure, I wiſh you could, with all my heart and ſoul—but perhaps he may ſhoot you—and what is to become of your ſiſters, pray?—and what will become of me!"

" Thank you, my dear Lady Cecilia," ſaid Henry, preſſing her hand, with a fervency which gratitude—perhaps love—at that moment inſpired him with——" Thank you for the kind intereſt you take in our welfare!"

" But, will you promiſe me not to go to Ireland?" ſhe eagerly aſked.

" No! I *muſt* go to Ireland, Lady Cecilia."

" Then

" Then you'll be killed!" ſhe exclaimed, weeping afreſh.

" Oh pray don't think of me!" ſaid he, ſmiling.

" Think of you!" ſhe repeated—" I am ſure I ſhall think of nothing elſe!—but you don't mind breaking my heart, or you never could think of ſuch a thing!"

" Is my life dear to you?" aſked he, in grateful confuſion.

" Indeed you know it is," replied ſhe, without taking her handkerchief from her eyes.

" Oh my dear Lady Cecilia, how happy do you make me!" ſaid he—" how can I ever repay your generous ſincerity as it deſerves!"

" Don't talk of me!" ſhe exclaimed; " its impoſſible that you can have any

love for me, or you would never wiſh to make me wretched."

"Yes, Lady Cecilia," ſaid he, "I do love you moſt ſincerely, moſt fervently! —and I ſhall, indeed, value my life for the future, if I may indulge the joyful hope, that it is important to you."

"Ay, fine talking," exclaimed ſhe— "but, pray what is to become of me when you are ſhot and killed!"

"Come, come;—indeed I muſt laugh you out of theſe womaniſh fears," ſaid he;—adding very ſeriouſly, "my dear Lady Cecilia, the bliſs which I now experience can only give way to the remembrance of a ſiſter's injuries—the man who could *forget them*, from any cauſe, would be unworthy of you— Honour, duty and affection to my dear, unfortunate Euphemia, demand that I

ſhould

ſhould forget myſelf, and every other claim, till I have anſwered thoſe which ſhe has upon me."

Lady Cecilia began to perceive the truth of his arguments; and he continued:

" Pardon me that my ſituation does not allow me to expreſs the joy which your generous confeſſion affords me; or that my ſenſe of honour did not ſooner permit me to aſſure you of the regard I have long entertained for you. I ſtill feel that your merits, rank, and fortune, intitle you to a huſband in every reſpect infinitely my ſuperior. But may I preſume to think that your generous partiality will induce you to forgive me, for aſpiring to hope?"——

" Forgive you! I'm ſure I could for-

give you any thing," ſaid ſhe, continuing her tears.

"Dear, generous Lady Cecilia!" exclaimed Henry Llewellyn—May I then intreat you to look upon me as your future huſband and protector?"

"I'm ſure the whole world, nor all the fathers in it, ſhould never make me marry any body elſe!" continued ſhe, ſtill in tears, which he ſoon however prevailed on her to wipe away. He then declared that he could not endure to ſee the Miſs Gunnings, though they were innocent in reſpect to the late events, at Glendarran Houſe; Lady Cecilia was with difficulty convinced, at laſt, of the abſolute neceſſity of his calling Captain Wilſon to account; but made him promiſe to write to her as ſoon as he arrived in Ireland; and not to expoſe himſelf

to

to any unneceſſary danger. This being ſettled, he wrote to Charlotte, and took a tender leave of her Ladyſhip.

She was, as may have been diſcerned, no philoſopher; if evil, therefore, ſhould be eſtimated according to the degree of mental anguiſh it occaſions, no perſon in this hiſtory, excepting the unfortunate Euphemia, has a greater claim to pity for her ſufferings, than the gay, the young, the beautiful, the rich, the beloved, the envied Lady Cecilia Margam.

CHAP. XX.

" To be reſigned when ills betide,
" Patient when favours are deny'd,
" And pleaſed with favours giv'n;
" ——————This is wiſdom's part;
" This is the incenſe of the heart,
" Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n."

COTTON.

A FEW days brought Lady Cecilia the following letter from Charlotte Llewellyn:

MY DEAR LADY CECILIA,

" That I have yet ſome kind friends " who pity my ſituation, and evince " their regard, is ſufficient to make me " look

" look up to that Great Being who cal-
" led me into this ſtate of trial, with re-
" newed gratitude. I am, I hope, not
" forgetful of the bleſſings I enjoy, and
" the ſuperior portion of happineſs
" which, according to our eſtimate of
" felicity, I am ſtill bleſſed with, than
" thouſands more worthy.

" My poor unfortunate ſiſter!—hers
" is, indeed, miſery which can bear no
" comment, and a ſituation in which
" reſignation itſelf affords no conſolation
" —ſurely ſhe is deprived of every hope
" of happineſs—Yet, why do I thus
" ſpeak!—why preſume to limit the
" power, the goodneſs, of the Al-
" mighty?—She might, it is true, have
" avoided the evil; but as ſhe did not
" poſſeſs ſufficient ſtrength to exert it,
" it will be conſidered as the fault of

" thoſe who cauſed her to commit it—
" It is to be hoped that God will com-
" paſſionate her ſufferings; and though
" every hope of relief ſeems to be gone,
" every avenue to happineſs in this world
" for ever cloſed, I truſt that the in-
" jured ſoul ſhall receive ſome preſent
" ſupport from the bountiful kindneſs
" of Providence—My Euphemia was
" taught to look for felicity beyond this
" world; and I hope is content to wait
" patiently for the completion of thoſe
" hopes of happineſs which, though
" they may be formed, can never be
" poſſeſſed in this ſtate.

" Life and all its cares vaniſh in ſuch
" contemplations as theſe; every evil
" is forgotten, and my ſpirit rejoices in
" hope. Indeed what do I ſuffer?—
" nothing, my dear Lady Cecilia, that

" can

" can demand a ſerious ſigh, with joy
" and gratitude I ſpeak it, excepting
" when I think that a ſiſter may fail to
" extract comfort from the moſt miſera-
" ble ſituation.

" I have engaged a place in a veſſel
" that is going to Ireland immediately.
" Mr. Barker, with a generoſity for
" which I can only return my grateful
" admiration, has procured, without
" my knowledge, a large quantity of
" wearing apparel; ſo that in every
" thing which concerns myſelf I am
" perfectly comfortable. I accept your
" liberal preſent with the gratitude due
" to it; which I eſtimate according to
" the kindneſs with which it was pre-
" ſented. I would have given it to Mr.
" Barker, but he abſolutely refuſes to
" permit me, and even inſiſts upon ad-

" ding to it before I leave England,
" which I ſhall do this evening. I dare
" not deprive him of the pleaſure of
" acting according to the dictates of his
" own generous heart, and can only
" pray that Heaven may pay him back
" in an hour 'when he moſt needs
" that grace and goodneſs he has
" ſhewn to me;'—though I ſhall con-
" ſider it one of my greateſt earthly plea-
" ſures, if fortune ſhould ever enable
" me to repay him the ſmalleſt part of
" the debt I owe to him.

" Adieu, my dear Lady Cecilia! I
" am not without a hope that we ſhall
" meet in happier days; and if we
" ſhould not, may we prepare our ſouls
' to enjoy an eternity of friendſhip!

" CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN."

The

The next poſt brought her a letter from Henry Llewellyn.

" Cork, Sep. ——

" DEAR LADY CECILIA,

" Convinced that you will be anxi-
" ous to hear of my unfortunate ſiſter,
" I write in compliance with my pro-
" miſe to give you an account of the
" reſult of my purſuit.

" At the hotel where I took up my
" abode on my arrival here, I found my
" dear Euphemia ſo ill as to be con-
" fined to her bed; attended only by
" her faithful and affectionate maid;
" from whom I learnt that ſhe had
" ſcarcely ſpoken ſince ſhe quitted Glen-
" darran; that the voyage affected her
" dreadfully; and that ſhe had been ſo

" ill ever ſince they landed, as to occa-
" ſion Captain Wilſon to ſend for a
" phyſician; who had ordered her many
" medicines; that the landlady had re-
" ceived orders from Captain Wilſon to
" take all poſſible care of the lady; but
" that he was gone they knew not
" whither, as they had not ſeen him for
" three days.

" My arrival ſeems to have brought
" ſome conſolation to my poor ſiſter,
" whoſe only endeavour now ſeems to
" be to intreat me not to leave her;
" which you may be certain I ſhall not
" do, even if a huſband aſſerts his au-
" thority.

" The preſent ſituation of my mind
" permits me not to add more, than
" the aſſurance that I am, with every

" wiſh

" wiſh for your health and happineſs,
" dear Lady Cecilia,
" ever moſt faithfully,
" and ſincerely yours,
" HENRY LLEWELLYN."

As Lady Cecilia's anſwer was rather a novel one for a *love-letter*, we will preſent it, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe readers who may have ſufficient curioſity to wiſh to peruſe it.

" Oh my dear Henry! if you could
" but have an idea of my ſufferings!—
" human nature never can endure ſuch
" a ſituation long!—I can neither eat,
" drink, nor ſleep; and I have done no-
" thing but cry night and day ever ſince
" you left me. If I get into a doſe, I
" fancy that I ſee you ſhot and mur-
" dered

" dered in ten thouſand places—and
" that horrid villian rejoicing in your
" death, and locking poor Euphemia up
" in a dungeon—Then I wake in tremors,
" and am only the more frightened; for
" what can I expect, but that this really
" will be the caſe? If you have any love
" for me, I entreat you to return imme-
" diately; and bring poor dear Euphe-
" mia the very moment ſhe is able to be
" removed—only get her clear away from
" that horrid Ireland, and I ſhall be ſa-
" tisfied——bring her directly to Glen-
" darran.

" Thank God! this houſe will be in-
" tirely my own in four ſhort days;
" and whilſt I have a home, it ſhall be
" hers—Do make her follow my advice
" —I am ſure ſhe was married without
" her own conſent, or ſhe never could

" be

" be ſo ill as you ſay ſhe is; and it ſhews
" plainly what a brute he is, to leave
" her in ſuch a ſtate. If I was in her
" place, I would never live with him
" another day, if it was only for that—
" pray tell her ſo; and tell her not to
" fret herſelf to death if ſhe is married
" without her own conſent—and ſhe
" can never love her huſband—I'm ſure
" ſhe never can; for certainly ſhe may
" have a divorce. Do remind her of
" this, and all you poſſibly can to com-
" fort her; and tell her that whilſt I
" have a farthing in the world I'll ſup-
" port her cauſe.—

" I'm ſure there may be ſuch a thing
" as to get a divorce, and then ſhe may
" marry poor Ned again, and all will
" be well.

" For heaven's ſake think of this, and

" leave that wicked wretch to his own
" wickedneſs—and don't, oh pray don't,
" my deareſt Henry, ever think of ha-
" zarding your own life, upon any ac-
" count—If you do but return ſafe and
" well, I am determined that nothing
" ſhall prevent me from being married
" to you immediately. People making
" ſuch a fuſs about writings; and new
" cloaths, and ſettlements, is all great
" nonſenſe—I never will be tortured and
" tormented to death for ſuch folly—I
" don't care a farthing about the eſtates
" —If I had ten times more than I
" have, I ſhould only rejoice that I
" might give them to you, and proſe-
" cute that deteſtable Captain Wilſon
" till he was either divorced or hanged—
" But I am ſure my fortune that I have
" will be ſufficient to do that—and I

" have

" have heard that people ſometimes get
" a great deal of money by a divorce;
" therefore, who knows but Euphemia
" may by hers.

" Do tell her all this—and do—*pray*
" *do*, bring her here directly; and leave
" her huſband to the devil—who I
" am ſure, will have every man that
" takes another man's wife—and ſhe
" was almoſt as good as poor Ned's
" wife; for I am poſitive he would have
" married her immediately.—Poor fel-
" low!—I cannot bear to think of him—

" Give my kindeſt love to dear Eu-
" phemia—remember all I have ſaid—
" and that my houſe and fortune is for
" ever hers;—and that I only beg, and
" intreat, and pray, that you will all
" come to me immediately;—and if
" you don't wiſh to find me dead, I am

" ſure

" ſure you will. I can write no more,
" but that I am, till that time,
" everlaſtingly yours,
" CECILIA MARGAM."

" Charlotte has gone to Ireland;—
" give my kindeſt love to her, and tell
" her how impatient I am to ſee her."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

" ———What is the cauſe aſſign'd
" To vindicate the duel? I ſit wrong,
" Intolerable wrong? then ſeek the law.
" ———Is the cauſe ſo ſmall
" The law o'erlooks it? then a generous mind
" Should ſcorn a recompence."

HURDIS.

IN a fortnight after the date of the foregoing letters, Henry Llewellyn arrived at Glendarran Caſtle with his ſiſter Euphemia. The Miſs Gunnings quitted it the day after he departed for Ireland, to join their mother in town;—for which doubtleſs, they had weighty reaſons; beſides that ſuch young ladies are ſeldom contented to ſtay at a houſe a hundred

dred and fifty miles from the world, where there is *nothing going forward.*— Indeed there was really *no fun* in ſtaying with Lady Cecilia in her preſent ſtate; they therefore exchanged it, very politely, for the charming houſe in Grafton Street, where Mrs. Llewellyn immediately eſtabliſhed herſelf, as a ſituation beſt ſuited to diſplay her own abilities, and her daughters' accompliſhments.

Glendarran was, indeed, literally, a moſt melancholy place, when they left it; nor can it be ſuppoſed that the return of Euphemia was an increaſe to its gaiety. A moſt depreſſing grief infected all its inhabitants, from her appearance; and the ignorance they were in reſpecting the fate of Charlotte, to endeavour to diſcover whom, Henry Llewellyn had remained a week longer in Ireland than

was

was neceſſary on any other account. Euphemia ſeemed to have recovered into a ſettled melancholy, which ſenſibility inſtructed him nothing could remove; though he hoped that change of ſcene and time might have ſome efficacy in alleviating it; accordingly he was very anxious on her account to quit Ireland. She had no will, or choice, but to obey him; and they met with no oppoſition from Captain Wilſon, of whom Henry could gain no intelligence. His reſearches after Charlotte were as fruitleſs. When he received Lady Cecilia's letter, which contained the intelligence that ſhe was gone to Ireland, he inquired at all the neighbouring ports in vain; and was compelled, after uſing every poſſible means of diſcovering her, to return in a ſtate of uncertainty. Euphemia daily

grew

grew worſe; and reflecting that perhaps Charlotte might have changed her plan, of which Lady Cecilia had given him ſo ſlight an account, he reſolved to return to Glendarran immediately, and then proceed to London.

The name of Captain Wilſon never eſcaped Euphemia; and it was with difficulty that ſhe could be prevailed on to ſpeak at all: but when her brother mentioned to her, as a conſolatory circumſtance, that Lady Cecilia wiſhed her always to reſide with her; ſhe ſighed deeply, and ſaid,

"Lord Margam!"

Henry felt the delicacy of her objection; though he was ignorant of all the ideas which the name awoke in the mind of his unfortunate ſiſter. He told her, to remove her ſcruples, that Lord Margam

gam was in Scotland, where he would now always reſide; aſking her, if ſhe would oblige him by preparing to leave Ireland the next day, if ſhe felt able to begin the journey—She anſwered, "Yes!"

Every kind attention which delicacy or affection could ſuggeſt, was beſtowed upon her by her brother; which, before ſhe arrived at Glendarran, ſeemed to awaken in her a wiſh to endeavour to reward.

Lady Ceclia's reception of her, and unceaſing efforts, contributed greatly to recal that gentle ſpirit, which ſhe ever poſſeſſed: that makes us ſedulous to obtain the eaſe which our friends ſtudy to make us feel.

On the morning in which Henry Llewellyn was going to ſet out for London, in

in ſearch of Charlotte, the houſekeeper from Glendarran brought to Lady Cecilia the following letter from her brother:

Foſter Lane,
Sep. 30, 1790.

"My dear Sister,

"I have been ſo much engaged in "buſineſs that I have not been able to "write to you ſooner. Poor Miſs Lle-"wellyn embarked for Ireland on the "5th, on board the Jupiter, Captain "Graham, bound to Cork, from pecu-"liar circumſtances, in his way to the "Eaſt Indies. He is a very polite, hu-"mane man; and I make no doubt "will pay her every kind of reſpect and "attention in his power. Heaven pro-"tect her wherever ſhe goes, for I "never ſaw an object more deſerving of

"its

" its care. She ſeemed to go in very
" good ſpirits; but, poor thing! when
" I mentioned her ſiſter to her, ſhe cried
" as if her heart would break. God
" grant that ſhe is got ſafe to her; for
" I am ſure, if any creature can comfort
" another, it is Miſs Llewellyn. Ne-
" ver did I ſee any thing like the man-
" ner in which ſhe bears her own miſ-
" fortunes.

" I don't wonder at your determina-
" tion to leave Glendarran. I need not
" tell you how happy I ſhall be to ſee
" you; in which hope, I take leave of
" you for the preſent, deſiring you to
" believe me at all times,

" your affectionate brother,

" GEORGE BARKER."

This letter afforded freſh cauſe for

grief to the friends of Charlotte Llewellyn; as it was a proof almoſt amounting to certainty, that ſhe was gone to the Eaſt Indies. Euphemia relapſed into violent anguiſh at the intelligence; and Lady Cecilia's grief was ſcarcely inferior. Henry Llewellyn had a hard taſk to produce ſuch arguments as could enable them to examine her ſituation with calmneſs, even after the effuſion of nature and ſenſibility was paſt. No one felt this in a ſuperior degree to himſelf; but when he ſeriouſly reflected, he found much matter for conſolation even in this event, though his ſiſter's motives were certainly inexplicable—however he reaſoned calmly, and at length ſaid to her mourning friends,

"Let us wait with patience!—we all know the ſtrength of Charlotte's reaſon and

and reſolution—it is miſery indeed thus to loſe her; but depend upon it, ſhe will never be loſt to herſelf."

"She has always thought for herſelf; and ſhe has always acted with the wiſdom and reſolution which a rational being ought to do. I would not be preſumptuous in relying upon human nature, but I am bold to ſay, that the individual who is as conſcious of its dignity, and makes as proper uſe of its faculties as ſhe does, can never greatly err. With a heart ſo good, and an underſtanding ſo cultivated, I truſt to her acting with all perfection, compatible with human grandeur and human weakneſs, which are ſo connected, that to ſpeak of the former without the latter, is to boaſt that human virtue exiſts independent of its ſource. Her virtues are the united effect of a

benevolent heart, and a reflecting mind; her principles founded on judicious examination, and the conviction of reaſon. Her penetration is ſufficient to guard her againſt the deceit of the world; and her ſpirit and reſolution ſufficient to ſupport her with dignity through its trials; the pain of being ſeparated from her is all the grief which I feel when I reflect upon her ſituation. God preſerve her in health and ſafety! then I doubt not but, if we live, we ſhall embrace her again with joy."

Lady Cecilia began to perceive the juſtice of his arguments; but Euphemia was too much weakened by grief to profit by them. Some reaſons which he did not chuſe to explain to them ſtill obliged him to go to London, till, opening

ing the morning paper, he read as follows.

"Yeſterday a duel was fought in Hyde Park between Cap—n W—l—n and Cap—n Curl——g, two well-known gentleman, in conſequence of an altercation which took place at the houſe of a notorions gambling L—y in Grafton Street; a ball paſſed through the head of the former gentleman, who inſtantly expired. Cap—n Curl——g has abſconded."

This intelligence, amidſt all its horror, could not fail to afford a glimpſe of comfort to Henry Llewellyn. He ſought for Lady Cecilia, and communicated it to her, with a ſtrict charge to keep it ſecret from Euphemia, till it could be properly diſcovered to her.

Her Ladyſhip's joy was unfeigned,

and unbounded; nor did ſhe affect to feel a ſorrow that the world was rid of ſuch a monſter as Captain Wilſon, though ſhe ſaid that "*to be ſure* it's a ſhocking thing for a man to be killed in that manner—but what does it ſignify, for he never would have been any better. If a man will go to the devil, he muſt—and *thank God!* my dear Henry, that you will never run the hazard of loſing your life, and making us all wretched for ever, for ſuch a vile wretch as that—I never can be ſorry—and therefore it does not ſignify talking."

He found ſome little difficulty in preventing her from going immediately and telling Euphemia the "*joyful news*," which ſhe felt convinced muſt be as delightful as it was to herſelf. Her effuſions of affection were unfeigned and un-

undiſguiſed. Henry Llewellyn, who had no tie of honour to reſtrain his inclinations, rewarded her genuine affection with the returns of love and gratitude which it merited, making it appear that it was his wiſh that they ſhould be immediately united, to which Lady Cecilia *conſented*. Her readineſs to promiſe to love, honour, and obey, may be inferred from the letter which, in the firſt effuſion of her joy, ſhe wrote to Lord Glendarran :

Oct. 4, 1790.

" DEAR FATHER,

" Nothing oppoſes my union with " the beſt man in the world—*I am the* " *happieſt creature exiſting*—I hope that " you will come down immediately, to " give my hand to Mr. Llewellyn, " though you could not be here on my

" birth day, which was the diſmaleſt
" day in the world to me.

" I'm ſure you will rejoice to think
" that I ſhall have ſuch a man for my
" huſband—indeed I never could have
" ſubmitted to any body elſe—but he is
" ſo good, and ſo kind—and every thing
" he ſays is ſo right, and ſo juſt, that
" I am certainly the moſt bleſſed wo-
" man in the creation.

" He ſays that he ought to go up
" to town immediately to inform you of
" his intentions, and *to make propoſals to*
" *you*; but that would be mere non-
" ſenſe, now I have accepted him—ſo
" in ſpite of all he can ſay, I inſiſt upon
" his ſtaying here—poor Euphemia and
" I ſhould be quite melancholy without
" him; therefore he muſt ſtay—and *I*
" *will make him*—ſo he may do as he
" pleaſes

" pleaſes about *writing*, which he ſays
" is abſolutely neceſſary. *Apropos*; this
" brings to my mind what he ſaid, that
" you know nothing at all about the
" matter—really I quite forgot to tell
" you, but you know from my letter,
" in anſwer to yours, that I was ſo mi-
" ſerable I could not think of any thing.

" It is of no uſe to aſk your conſent,
" becauſe it is impoſſible that you can
" have any objection to Mr. Llewellyn
" —though perhaps you might wiſh
" me to marry a man with a title;—
" though it is of no conſequence to me,
" yet, if you, my dear father, would
" chuſe it, you may purchaſe one for
" him immediately, as you know they
" are very cheap.

" I am very happy to think that I
" ſhall marry a man who will do ſo

" much honour to your family; and
" aſſure you, that I ſhall be very happy
" to ſee you here, to inform me how
" much you approve my choice.

" I only wiſh that you would give up
" buſineſs, and leave off fatiguing your-
" ſelf from morning till night about
" matters that are of no manner of con-
" ſequence, and come and ſtay with us
" as long as you chuſe. I am ſure you
" would be a great deal happier, and a
" great deal merrier; ſo do think of it,
" my dear father.

" You have ſeen, I ſuppoſe, an ac-
" count of that horrid Captain Wilſon's
" having his brains blown out. Poor
" Euphemia knows nothing of it yet;
" but I hope now that ſhe and poor Ned
" will be happy at laſt. I ſhall write to
" him immediately, to inform him of

" it,

" it, and to desire him to come here
" instantly. I suppose that you have
" intirely given up all thoughts of Miss
" Norfolk, as you see that he never
" would have married her; and resolved
" to shut himself up like a hermit, and
" live in that cold barren place all his
" life—*Thank Heaven! that fellow is*
" *dead!*—now all will be right again—
" You may depend upon it that he will
" marry Euphemia immediately; for he
" is a man, and therefore has a right to
" do what he thinks best—and I'm sure
" *that* will be best.

" There is something rather shocking
" in vowing to obey one man for ever—
" but what happiness can be compared
" to living with the man one loves!

" Nothing on earth should separate
" me from Henry Llewellyn, now I

" find that he loves me himſelf, as well
" as I love him—I dare ſay Ned thinks
" the ſame, now poor Euphemia is un-
" married again; and I ſincerely pray
" that they may be as happy as I am
" ſure we ſhall be. I ſhall expect you
" every hour. Believe me, my dear
" father,

" your truly affectionate
" and dutiful daughter,
" CECILIA MARGAM."

" Be ſure, dear ſir, to make haſte and
" ſet out, for I want to ſend and invite
" all the country.

" You may bring the Miſs Gunnings
" with you, if they chuſe; they always
" ſaid they ſhould like to be here on my
" birth day: ſo they may as well come
" and ſee me married.

" Never

" Never do I wiſh to ſee their devil
" of a mother, or my dear Henry's
" diabolical father again. Poor Euphe-
" mia has told me all about the mar-
" riage, and how they told her that
" Ned was married. Henry had found
" out this, from ſomething that ſhe had
" ſaid before, therefore charged me not
" to tell her that he *really is not married*
" —But I ſoon will—Tell Miſs Gun-
" nings they may come, if they like—
" but I am not ſo very fond of them."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

"Oh for the pen of Milton to deſcribe
"Thy wining ſadneſs, thy ſubduing ſigh,
"Gentle Euphemia!"

HURDIS.

WITH all the caution, all the delicacy it required, Henry Llewellyn informed Euphemia of the fate of her huſband. Too humane not to be ſhocked at the misfortune of her worſt enemy, ſhe was alſo too ſincere to affect a ſorrow at the death of Captain Wilſon which ſhe could not feel. Still, how-

however, the idea of Lord Margam's being for ever united to another, prevented her from hoping to regain any thing like happineſs in this world. Of her miſtake in this particular, Henry did not think proper to undeceive her immediately; ſo that when ſhe put on the garb which cuſtom obliged her to wear, her heart better accorded with it, than the real occaſion demanded; yet ſhe became more chearful than ſhe had been ſince her arrival at Glendarran.

When Lady Cecilia and her brother were rejoicing in the proſpect which they impatiently waited to preſent to her view, and on the day, when, from her compoſed ſtate, they judged it proper to put a period to all her diſtreſſes, they were prevented by the arrival of Lord Margam himſelf.

Euphemia was ſitting in the hall at Glendarran Caſtle when he entered; but her nature was not equal to ſo unexpectedly beholding him; and it was long before the united efforts of Lady Cecilia and her domeſticks could recover her from fainting. Her brother, imagining one of the cauſes for her diſtreſs, deſired ſhe might be taken into her own room, and prevailed upon Lord Margam not to ſpeak to her; then, taking Lady Cecilia apart, he adviſed her to follow Euphemia, and inform her properly, that Lord Margam—was not married—Henry Llewellyn ſaw, and felt for his ſituation; and after congratulating him on his return, obliged him to ſit down, and liſten to Euphemia's ſtory. From whence it was apparent, that her father's violence, and Mrs. Llewellyn's art, had com-

compelled her to marry Captain Wilſon; and that one of their chief deceptions had been, to impoſe upon her the belief that he was married to Miſs Norfolk.

His indignation allowed no bounds to his paſſion when he heard this. Henry Llewellyn exerted his endeavours to calm him in vain; till he aſſured Lord Margam that Euphemia was ſo weak and dejected, that his fury, if not reſtrained, would certainly have a fatal effect upon her; which at length induced him to forget every thing but that he might ſtill make her happy.

Lady Cecilia ſoon returned from her miſſion, and informed Henry Llewellyn, as the effect of her intelligence, that Euphemia had deſired to be left entirely to herſelf, and aſſured Lady Cecilia,

Cecilia, that as ſoon as ſhe was able to ſee any body, ſhe would make her appearance; but that they muſt not expect to ſee her that night. This they really did not, and ſpent the remainder of the day in planning ſuch ſchemes for future happineſs as they thought nothing now could deſtroy. Mr. Llewellyn had written to his ſon on his hearing from Lord Glendarran of his intended marriage,—and informed him that he ſhould immediately advertiſe Glendarran Houſe, as it was his intention never to reſide there again. Lord Margam inſtantly determined to take it; it was not in the power of Lord Glendarran to deprive him of all his immenſe eſtates, after his death; and beſides that, Lord Margam had ſuch a preſent independence as was more than adequate to his own wiſhes.

He

He knew that, however great his father's parſimony might be, his pride was ſtill greater, and that it would oblige his ſon to live in affluence. This neither afforded him pleaſure nor pain; but he felt that he might ſee Euphemia, and indulge his conſtant affection for her without a crime; in which thought every unconnected one was abſorbed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

" If ſhe is ſick with joy, ſhe will recover without medicine."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning Euphemia was too ill to make her appearance at breakfaſt; and Lord Margam was obliged to wait till the evening before ſhe could gain ſufficient reſolution to ſee him.

Their meeting was one of thoſe ſcenes which baffle the faint efforts of deſcription to depict; but which in every heart where a ſpark of fancy and ſenſibility glows will be

be faithfully pourtrayed, from the mere idea of ſuch characters in ſuch a ſituation. —Look to thy own heart, reader; and if it is made of ſimilar materials, a laboured deſcription would deſtroy the delicate picture which thou wilt find there. —Haſt thou been unhappy—ſo miſerable as to have been forſaken by hope?—think what joy is!—Haſt thou loſt every thing dear to thee in this world? —imagine what it would have been, to have had it in one moment reſtored!—Doſt thou know what it is to love?—thou wilt gueſs alſo what it is to deſpair! —to be deprived for ever of the object of thy tendereſt affection, and to be reſtored to it!—

If thou haſt felt none of this, nor canſt imagine what it is, we need not aſk thee to ſhed the tear of virtuous ſympa-

thy

thy at the ſight of exquiſite felicity—for thou canſt not weep!—

Lord Margam again embraced the object of his tendereſt love—and ſhe was—happy as a human being can be!

Oh ſpirit of love! thou to whom the great, the virtuous, and the wiſe, have paid homage in all ages, thou glorious divinity, whom the vulgar and the baſe can never diſcern, accept one tribute more of praiſe from the humbleſt, but not leaſt grateful, of thy votaries——Hail, thou pure ſpirit!—thou undefinable ſomething——which diffuſing thy ſubtle eſſence through the ſoul, imparts to all nature, a tinge of thy ſoft luſtre!——Never may the power of reaſon uſurp thy throne in the youthful breaſt!—For not all the boaſt of wiſdom, not all the power of reaſon, can equal thine,

thine, in chaſing from it every thing evil, in filling it with every virtue; and in adding to the charms of innocence the grace which thou only canſt beſtow.

Let me pourtray thy beauties, ere the remembrance of them is faded in my imagination; or gazing on the "gaudy world," has taught me to diſown or forget thy charms!—Ere the bluſh of nature is flown from my cheek, let me imprint on the memory of thy votaries ſomething which may recal thy image, when reaſon ſhall tell them that ſhe is weak; and the pleaſures of this world—"that they are lighter than vanity itſelf."

CHAP

CHAP. XXIV.

" Their fathers ſaw the ſtrong attachment made,
" And thought it beſt to ſeparate their hands
" Till age had taught them prudence;
" Yet they are childiſh ſtill, and in their ſouls
" Perceive no alter'd love, no warmth abated."

HURDIS.

LORD Margam immediately wrote to his father, informing him of his deſigns; and to Mr. Llewellyn, concerning Glendarran Houſe. The ſervants, whom he had diſcharged, Lord Margam eaſily engaged to ſtay again; nor was there the

the meaneſt domeſtic who was not intereſted in the welfare of their beloved miſtreſs; whom it was ſoon conjectured would again render their ſtate of ſervitude a bleſſing.

Lady Cecilia received a letter from her father, which was as follows:

London, October the 8th, 1790.

"DEAR CHILD,

"It would certainly have been moſt "proper, if you had ſubmitted your- "ſelf intirely to my guidance: but "you were unfortunately left your own "miſtreſs and heireſs to an immenſe "fortune, over which you have entire "command. From this unhappy com- "bination of affairs, you will, I am "afraid, act as all individuals do in the "ſame circumſtances, when they are

" free from control, and refuſe to ſub-
" mit to the higher powers. It would
" certainly have been proper for me to
" have given you away, as nature and
" cuſtom preſcribe; but as you have
" choſen a huſband for yourſelf, con-
" trary to the wiſe and provident law
" of nature, which renders a child de-
" pendant on its parent, I might be
" juſtified in refuſing to ſubmit to the
" cuſtom of my country, which obliges
" a father to beſtow a daughter's hand
" in marriage. But the reſpect I en-
" tertain for all authorities is ſuch, as
" would have induced me to do this,
" however repugnant it would have been
" to my feelings, to beſtow you upon
" ſo inadequate a huſband as Mr. Lle-
" wellyn, did not buſineſs, which can

give

" give way to nothing, prevent me from
" being preſent at your nuptials.

" This will have a very improper
" appearance to the world; but it is
" unavoidable, therefore I am obliged
" to ſubmit to neceſſity. I informed
" you how much money you have to
" receive, and you may conſult your
" brother in all future caſes which may
" create diſpute or difficulty in your
" affairs.

" You know that the eſtates are ſettled
" on you and yours in ſuch a manner as
" to require no freſh ſettlements on your
" marriage. If you had conſulted me,
" I ſhould have adviſed you to have
" waited a proper time after you had
" come of age before you had married
" at all—and much more before you
" had married a young man whom no-

" body knows—However, public af-
" fairs arreſt my attention from theſe
" private concerns—You muſt pleaſe
" yourſelf; therefore accept my bleſſing,
" and believe me

" your affectionate father,

" GLENDARRAN."

The effect which this letter produced, was, a very hearty laugh from Lady Cecilia, at her father's advice and her own independence.

Lady Florella Rounceval, who had been united to the object of her affections, Sir Robert Stanley, arrived at Glendarran on the following day. The enſuing Thurſday was fixed on for the marriage of Lady Cecilia; and both Lord Margam, herſelf, her brother, and Lady Florella Stanley, united to

reaſon Euphemia out of her ſcruples at ſo ſoon exchanging the cypreſs for the olive.

She knew that cuſtom only forbade her to purſue the dictates of her own heart; but ſhe had ſuffered too ſeverely, from giving up the ſacred right of judging for herſelf, to retain any great reſpect for the impoſitions of others; therefore ſhe at length conſented, with only one requeſt,—that the day might be a private one. Lady Cecilia perceived the propriety of her wiſh, therefore conſented; although ſhe had previouſly determined to have "ſuch a wedding as never was heard of before;"—however, as the day approached, ſhe found her inclination to be merry, decreaſe;—till at length ſhe confeſſed, that ſhe was "very glad that there was

to be nobody to make a fuſs on Thurſ-day—for ſhe could not endure to ſee a creature for the world."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

" Gnawd yn Morganwg ddiwg ddynion
" A gwragedd mewn mawredd a murian gwynion.*"

THE wedding of ſo important a perſon as Lady Cecilia Margam could not

* A piece of revenge to thoſe true Britons who quote Latin and Greek to the ladies—being a very bold attempt to rival them.

" Since he that is but able to expreſs
" No ſenſe at all in ſeveral languages,
" Will paſs for learneder than *ſhe* that's known
" To ſpeak the ſtrongeſt reaſon in *her own*."

BUTLER.

be kept a ſecret in a country where all marriages occaſion ſo much public rejoicing.

The old houſekeeper expreſſed great concern, when informed that ſhe meant not to invite any body to it, and aſſured her ladyſhip, that however private ſhe might keep it, at leaſt two hundred weight of flour muſt be made into plumb puddings; ſhewing the bill of fare on her mother's wedding day, and arguing from thence, that it was the proper proportion for a private wedding; adding, that as it was *not the faſhion* now to give ſuch large dinners as it was then, ſhe ſuppoſed that much *might do*; with two cows, and half a dozen ſheep. "Mercy! Mrs. Rees, but who is to eat all this?" exclaimed Lady Cecilia

cilia—" I tell you I don't intend to aſk a ſingle creature?"

" Ah! my dear lady, you don't know what it is to be married in Wales!" returned Mrs. Rees—" you muſt conſider your family, my lady!—ſurely you would not loſe the good name of your family, my lady!—all the Margams, ever ſince the flood, did always keep great weddings!—and Lady Jane, and Lady Judy, and my late poor dear Lady, did all keep great weddings! and ſurely, my lady, you ſhould think of your family, and your houſe, and your eſtate, and your anceſtors!—and not let your name go to nothing!—nor Squire Llewellyn's name!—for he is a ſweet, noble young gentleman—and he has a Welſh pedigree!—and a name,—and a family!—and anceſtors!—and ſurely, my lady,

two ſuch perſons as Squire Llewellyn and your ladyſhip ſhould not be married without making a wedding!—and a buſtle, and a grand day—ſuch a day as all Wales never ſaw ſince Lady Judy married Squire Morgan—yes indeed!—and a greater too!—for, for all there is ſo many rich heireſſes in Glamorganſhire, there is no lady hardly has ſuch an eſtate as your ladyſhip—and Squire Llewellyn has a fine eſtate too!—and a fine name as ever was ſpoken!—and the fineſt young gentleman he is to my thinking, that ever my eyes beheld."

Lady Cecilia was now nearly prevailed upon by her eloquence, to make juſt ſuch a wedding as Mrs. Rees wiſhed: but ſhe recollected Euphemia's ſituation, and told her the neceſſity of its being kept privately, which Mrs. Rees

Rees, at length, reluctantly agreed to; adding, " Ah poor dear creature! I always loved her as dear as my life, ever ſince ſhe was as high as the table—and not even your ladyſhip's marrying her brother, can make me half ſo happy, as to think that ſhe will marry my lord at laſt—for I always ſaid ſhe was born to be a lady—as, indeed, ſhe always was ——and yet, quite free from pride—— but it makes my heart glad to think that, as I always ſaid, ſhe will marry a lord—yes indeed! and my dear young Lord Margam too!—Heaven bleſs her! —and you my good young lady—and all my maſters and miſtreſſes!—for you are all good, and noble, and honourable, as ever an honeſt woman ſerved!—and I hope you will never turn me off— for I love Glendarran,—and I love you

all, even as though you were my own flesh and blood, for all you are lords and ladies!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Rees," said Lady Cecilia very fervently, "I think you are worth all the housekeepers I ever saw, and all the fine ladies we ever had in town; for I always hated and detested them, and never hardly spoke to them. But you may depend upon it that I shall never turn you away, for you send in better dinners than ever I saw in my life, if you would not make such monstrous tarts—but I'm sure you're very clever; and I like you for being so fond of the family; therefore I am determined you shall always stay at Glendarran and do just what you like."

Poor Mrs. Rees was quite transported with joy; repeated her assurances of love

love and good wiſhes; prom iſed make the tarts ſmaller; diſplayed her knowledge in confectionary; gave Lady Cecilia ſome anecdotes of her birth and education; beſtowing much praiſe on her mother, who ſo well inſtructed her in the duties of women; and concluded by hoping, that if her ladyſhip would have private doings herſelf, ſhe would let the houſe be open for all who choſe to come; as Mrs. Rees inſiſted upon it, " that it would be a diſgrace to the family for ever if it was not; and ſuch a thing as never was done in Wales before."

To theſe weighty reaſons her ladyſhip complied; actuated by native generoſity, and as much love of a buſtle as even Mrs. Rees herſelf. She concluded that no *genteel people* would come without

out an invitation; therefore gave her unlimited power to order proviſions; merely deſiring that ſhe might have a very handſome dinner for herſelf, and the friends who were now with her; aſſuring her that ſhe really could not aſk any more.

Mrs. Rees was obliged to be contented; and found full employment till the important day arrived, in making the various confectionaries, devices of Hymen and Cupid, and plumb cakes, which ſhe judged indiſpenſably neceſſary.

Thurſday at length came: and Lady Cecilia and Euphemia made their appearance to become the wives of two happy men.

Lady Florella Stanley, who had ſo lately pronounced the fatal vow, laughed very heartily at her couſin, when, from

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ſome unaccountable cauſe, ſhe wept whilſt ſhe declared, that ſhe was the happieſt woman in the world.

Euphemia was too happy to expreſs her joy, by any thing but ſilence: and Lord Margam's could bear no comments.

Charlotte was not forgotten by her friends, or rather, moſt painfully brought to their recollection by their preſent happineſs.

Lady Cecilia's tears flowed afreſh when her image preſented itſelf; and ſhe exclaimed, "oh that ſhe was but here!" It was a ſubject which they could not bear to reflect upon, at a time when they were all happy; and the idea of her probable miſery increaſed in proportion to it. Henry Llewellyn wiped away a tear as he mentioned her name, deſiring

them only to think of her virtues, and doubt not but they would be rewarded. However, the uncertainty which they were in reſpecting her, cauſed a pang which they could not avoid feeling; but Henry knew himſelf, and wiſhed to teach them how to bear it.

Breakfaſt ended, they *prepared to endeavour to be able* to reflect upon the awful ceremony with proper compoſure. Lady Florella Stanley impiouſly declared it to be great nonſenſe, proteſting that ſhe had never thought of it ſince, or ſcarcely at the time ſhe performed it—aſſuring Lady Cecilia, that all the people ſhe had ever heard ſpeak of it confeſſed the ſame; adding, "for they are always either ſo frightened or ſo happy, that it is utterly impoſſible they can ever think of the ceremony, till they

they make you ſay, love, honour, and obey:—and then I declare I was ſo hurried that I don't know whether I ſaid it or not.—*I hope I was married!*" turning to her huſband and laughing—"but really, my dear, if I promiſed to obey you, it's what I have never done yet—and, upon my honour, I don't believe I ever ſhall do!—ſo they that made the ceremony muſt be anſwerable for my diſobedience. I don't believe any woman in the world ever would have thought of ſaying ſuch a thing if ſhe was not forced to it; therefore, my dear, how can *I* be ſo unnatural!"

Her ſpouſe ſweetly ſmiled, and ſeemed to ſay he ſhould be content to be her ſlave for ever; beginning, jocoſely, to enter into a *very learned* argument in ſupport of the ſacred right of the autho-

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rity of a huſband, when Lady Cecilia herſelf became an advocate for deſpotiſm, by declaring that ſhe was going to promiſe to love, honour, and obey Henry Llewellyn that morning; and that ſhe *would obey him all the days of her life*—with which heroic determination ſhe gave him her hand, and he triumphantly led her to the carriage, which was in waiting, to convey them to the place where ſhe was to vow eternally, what ſhe had then ſpoken.

Euphemia had need of all the tenderneſs of Lord Margam to efface from her preſent remembrance the idea of the *laſt time* ſhe had gone through the ceremony: but when they arrived at the church, ſo different were the ſenſations ſhe experienced, that joy and gratitude reigned triumphant in her ſoul; and ſhe

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approached the ſacred ſhrine, where ſhe was to plight her vows to Lord Margam, with pious gratitude.

They all wept—but they were tears of joy. When they arrived at the altar, Lady Cecilia appeared the moſt confuſed perſon of the group; and whiſpered her intended huſband,

"Oh heavens! I think I had better not be married!"

"Pray don't, my dear," whiſpered he in return, ſmiling: to which provoking anſwer ſhe replied,

"Now I declare, I have a good mind not, for that very ſpeech!—but I am forced to marry you now, or elſe I proteſt I never would."

Her ſpeech was literally true in part, for ſhe was immediately forced to attend

tend to the ceremony, which began, and Henry Llewellyn received her from the hands of Lord Margam, as a wife; to have and to hold for ever—for better and for worſe.

She was much affected all through the ceremony, though we muſt do her the juſtice to ſay, not more ſo by promiſing to obey, than by any other part—her tears often interrupted it; and her huſband was obliged to exert his authority, even before he was legally inveſted with it, to intreat her to conſider what ſhe was doing, and not make him miſerable by ſuch behaviour. When it was concluded, ſhe ſeemed to have regained ſome degree of courage, and whiſpered him,

"Well, never mind now—*thank God*, it is over—and I ſhall never think about

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it as long as I live again!"—She certainly did not think on what ſhe ſaid then, nor had ſhe leiſure for reflection, as Euphemia was called upon to utter, what ſhe had already repeated.

She went through the ceremony with a ſteady compoſure; and it was not till ſhe became the wife of Lord Margam, that her ſpirit ſhrunk from the idea of her ſituation, and ſhe fainted.

The exertions of her friends ſoon reſtored her; and nothing but joy of the moſt exquiſite kind appeared.

After mutual congratulations were exchanged, and the party returned to the carriages, they were met at the church door by a moſt curious cavalcade. Cannon, which were planted at the top of the church, began firing, and the bells loudly contended for pre-eminence.

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The man who was trumpeter to the county, dreſſed in a motley coat, decorated with ribbons, carrying a large can of ale, marched firſt; damſels ſtrewing flowers, men, women, and children, by hundreds, followed. The horſes were taken out of the carriages; and in ſpite of all oppoſition, the populace perſiſted in having the honour of drawing the brides and bridegrooms to the caſtle. The honeſt joy and ſincere congratulations of people, who were attached to them from natural prejudice, and natural affection, had ſomething in it ſo ſacred and gratifying, that however reaſon might diſclaim the title to their love, or doubt its reality, its effuſions ſeemed ſo genuine, that ſenſibility admitted it as the homage of nature. The hearts of our party were framed to eſtimate juſtly;

juſtly; and the tears which they ſhed did them more honour than the thanks which they endeavoured to expreſs, when the joyful throng permitted them to alight from their carriages at Glendarran, amidſt their praiſes and bleſſings.

The day was ſpent by the populace in the ſame ſpirit of conviviality with which they began it. Wreaths of flowers were ſuſpended on every buſh from the church to the caſtle; and the park gates finely ornamented with flags and triumphal arches, which Mrs. Rees had privately aſſiſted the peaſants' daughters to conſtruct, from the remnants of her ancient ſtores, and the well-remembered patterns of ſuch as had been diſplayed on Lady Judy's wedding day. The bells continued ringing, and the cannon from the church, as well as from the battlements

ments of the caſtle, continued firing, to the great annoyance of poor Lady Cecilia, who at length gave orders for the latter to ceaſe, as " ſhe really could not bear ſuch a horrid din, even though ſhe was married." This, however, was the only check ſhe gave to the rejoicing of the happy multitude aſſembled at her houſe; who not only devoured every ſcrap of the proviſions Mrs. Rees had prepared, but conſumed four hogſheads of ale. No ill conſequence aroſe from their intemperance; and all but thoſe moſt concerned, thought the day the happieſt of their lives.

Lady Cecilia declared that *ſhe was never half ſo miſerable*; and proteſted, before dinner time, that " nothing on earth ſhould ever have made her marry, if ſhe had only had an idea how ſhocking

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it was."—No one ſeemed diſpoſed to pity her, but he who was the cauſe of all her grief; which he very good naturedly and condeſcendingly did; notwithſtanding that ſhe did not once ſhew him through the day, that ſhe had actually ſworn to love, honour, and obey, him.

Lord Margam's behaviour, and his gentle bride's, was ſuch as may be inferred from the knowledge of their characters. Lady Cecilia's, it muſt be confeſſed, was not yet finally decided; and we are compelled to ſay, that it depended upon the huſband ſhe had now choſen, whether ſhe became a very wiſe—or a very fooliſh woman.

After they had been married ſome days, ſhe ſaid that ſhe would go to London immediately; as ſhe certainly never

could live through the winter at Glendarran; that ſhe ſhould like to go very ſoon, that they might take a houſe and get *comfortably ſettled* before the town filled; and ready to ſee every body.

Her huſband liſtened to her ſchemes with great patience; and even appeared to approve of ſome of them highly. However, it is certain that ſhe never put one of them in execution; and that they ſpent the whole of the enſuing winter at Glendarran.

Lord Margam immediately took poſſeſſion of Glendarran Houſe: and Lady Cecilia, from novelty, or ſome other cauſe, never was in better ſpirits than when ſhe was *ſhut up* in an old caſtle *in the depth of winter, a hundred and fifty miles from the world.* Her huſband was, indeed, no common companion; he poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed ſo fertile a genius, that notwithſtanding he was ſoon made a baronet, and his wife poſſeſſed a large fortune, he conſtantly employed his time uſefully, and agreeably; and by degrees taught her to do the ſame. So highly was ſhe ſenſible of the value of his ſociety, and the pleaſures ſhe found at home, that ſhe declared "ſhe never had been half ſo happy in her life,—that ſhe would not be unmarried again for all the world!—and that her huſband was very right in not letting her go to town—for ſhe did not care if ſhe never moved five miles from Glendarran again as long as ſhe lived!"

Her neighbours began to admire her very much; Sir Henry ſhewed ſuch a diſpoſition to be agreeable and friendly, that his ſociety was courted by all.

Lady

Lady Virgilia ap Howel highly applauded the choice of Lady Cecilia; and ſeriouſly thought, that now ſhe was married to a *Llewellyn*, ſhe would prove an honour to her country, and do juſtice to her "illuſtrious birth and high deſcent."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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